Sports Illustrated

APRIL 22, 1968 40 CENTS

BOB GOALBY
1968 MASTERS CHAMPION

ROBERTO DE VICENZO
'WHAT A STUPID I AM'





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New Mobil: It actually cleans your engine while you drive.



helpclean yo
is clean engine is better

What's so good about a clean engine?

A clean engine uses
engine
A clean engine goes
A clean engine starts
A clean engine runs
A clean engine
cost you big repair bi
So much for why
engine
Now for how to help get a

How to help get a clean engine.

Whe
brand ne

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the
do is go out and start
dirty
One way you get it dirty is by burning gasoline
You don't have any choice about *that*.
But you do have a choice about the *kind* of gasoline you burn in it. Both Mobil Premium *and* Mobil Regular Gasoline have a Detergent that actually helps clean your engine.

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Mobil Detergent Gasoline will clean up a dirty carburetor.
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The cleaner your car
e, the less gasoline
it will waste. The better the mileage you'll get.
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Try a tankful of Mobil Detergent Gasoline (either Premium or Regular) today.
And start cleaning your engine

Mobil
Detergent Gasoline



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Then he moved up to PG Professional golf equipment.

He still isn't a pro. But last time out he shot an 86. And got a lot of compliments.

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You'll get customized shafts (either steel or aluminum in some models) so each club swings with the same feel. You'll take hold of grips like the golf greats use. And you'll gain the kind of confidence you'd get from custom clubs. Using fine woods and irons designed by our staff of touring pros to help you play better.

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Contents

APRIL 22, 1968 *Volume 28, No. 16*

Cover photographs by Neil Leifer

14 Golf's Craziest Drama

A cruel technicality destroyed the popular Roberto de Vicenzo and awarded the Masters to Bob Goalby

20 The Battle of the Big Towns

As Stanley Cup hockey heated up, the best war was between the Chicago Black Hawks and the New York Rangers

22 Reminiscent, Reliable and Revealing

A new film on the oldtime boxers is a real eye-opener. The past masters may have been overrated all along

26 Angry Overseer of the Marathon

He is Jock Semple, and if you have any ideas of making a mockery of his race, you had better get ready to run

34 A Spring Classic of Urbane Racing

Nashville's Iroquois Steeplechase is a mix of racing and social events. A report with color photographs

40 Part II: Tough Baseball

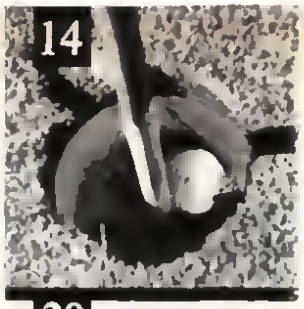
Pitcher Sal Maglie concludes the story of his life in the game with fond memories of the great Giant-Dodger days

68 Triumph in Obscurity

Once basketball's most successful coach, Phil Woolpert finds satisfaction on a small San Diego campus

The departments

9 Scorecard
50 People
52 Bridge
55 Baseball
61 Golf
63 Motor Sports
66 Horse Racing
83 For the Record
84 Baseball's Week
86 19th Hole

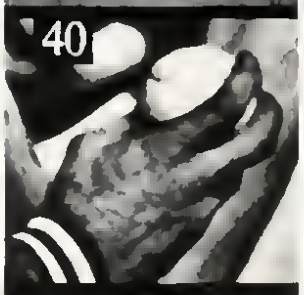


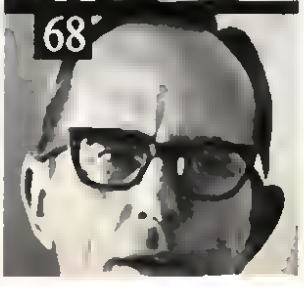












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Credits on page 83

Next week

ON, BRAVE ARMY! Oh, Navy and Air Force, too. All three service academies can have big-time football, writes John Underwood, as long as they hire men like Army's Tom Cahill.

ALL THE SWINGING in the Tournament of Champions is not done on the golf course as the top pros go to Las Vegas and a chance to win as much by day as they lose by night.

BIGGEST FISHERMAN of all time was Zane Grey, whose records still stand and whose novels are still hot sellers. Robert Boyle examines Grey's double life as author and angler.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Under normal circumstances, photographs taken in color for use in any issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED must be developed in our New York photo lab sometime before Sunday afternoon. But when a major sports event stretches toward Sunday evening, as the Masters did last weekend, we have to make other arrangements. Instead of doing the job in New York, we ship the exposed film, along with a task force of editors, directly to Chicago where the



SUSAN AND ROSEN: NO MORE STALAG 17

magazine is produced. There, two gentlemen named John Susan and Irv Rosen, who operate the ANRO Color Service, rush it through the tanks and directly to the on-the-spot editors, who thus gain sufficient time to choose the pictures they want to print.

Quiet, relaxed and unassuming, John and Irv are highly interesting characters —and not just because they know almost everything there is to know about film processing. They met 24 years ago during World War II at Stalag 17—a real German prison camp that later lent its name to a Broadway play.

Susan, shot down during a raid over Kiel, arrived at Stalag 17 in May 1943. Rosen, shot down over Naples in July, was imprisoned first in Italy. He escaped, was recaptured and was hustled off to Germany.

Susan had gotten some rudimentary training in undercover work in the Army (secret photographs and such). To keep his hand in at Stalag 17, he set up an "underground" photography school in the barracks. Rosen, a camera enthusiast, joined him in the project. Using cameras and film that were smuggled into camp via the French Resistance, the prisoners took pictures of everything they could find. They hid their equipment in sewers, outhouses, anywhere.

"We never came close to getting caught," Susan says. "The Nazis had no idea what we were doing."

"But they must have known we were up to something," says Rosen. "They were always searching. They'd wait until a rainy day and then order us out of the barracks. We'd stand out in the rain all day while they poked around."

After they were liberated—on May 3, 1945—they returned to the U.S., loaded with contraband film stored in tooth-powder cans. Rosen turned the film over to the Army, and Susan was flown to the Pentagon to explain the details to G-2. Back in Chicago, they decided to stick with photography. With savings and back pay, the two of them set up their own color lab on Wabash Avenue. The "an," as you may have guessed, is from Susan, the "ro" from Rosen.

We have been using ANRO since 1962, and expect to continue. As Picture Editor George Bloodgood says: "You can't beat them."

Gary Valk

Sports Illustrated

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PURE unwraps the soundest tire investment ever offered

Lika most blue-chip investments, tha new PURE Pride 5-Star tire pays handsome dividends.

Dividands iike superior traction. Greater mileage. A smoother ride. Improvad resistance to impact and aging. PURE's red sataguard innar iiner gives you increased punctura satety. Cornering ease and stability.

You gat all these dividends because we invasted mora in the PURE Pride 5-Star:

New polyaster cord body with racing-type construction and no tlat spotting. Mada in racing-typa concave tire molds. Wider, deeper tread than tha tiva most popular premium tiras. And a new tread compound that vastly improves rida, traction, and gave a minimum ot 47% more mileage than the three top pramium tires in America—by actual test.

We invested all that. And than gave the Pride 5-Star a special gold sidewall design to make it look lika tha blue-chip investment it is.

PURE is the piace to buy tires

PURE / union 76

Pura Oil Division



Here's where you can see Chris-Craft Corsair's newest fiberglass deep-V

ILLINOIS
Rodi Chris Craft, Inc , Chicago
Thompson Marine Sales, Rock Falls
Treadwell Boats & Motors, Algonquin

INDIANA
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Al Zeller & Sons, Green Bay

The Lancer 19



This high-performance speedster has a deep-V configuration designed by ocean racing champion Jim Wynne And she's free of the tenderness and squatting tendencies that many deep-vees have at low speeds In the large cockpit are two double seats which convert for full-length reclining, plus stern seats on either side of the 185-hp V8 Transdrive® unit The windshield's center section swings away so you can move into the forepeak A folding top and marine toilet are options For the 1968 catalog, write Corsair Division, Chris-Craft Corporation, Pompano Beach, Florida 33061.



Fortrel in Palm Beach sportcoats makes you glad the old days are gone



Fortrel is the crumple-resisting fiber in this Palm Beach® sportcoat. In the old days, before Fortrel polyester and cotton sportcoats came on the scene, everyone taxied around in wrinkles. Fortrel, the freshening fiber of today, is for you.

CELANESE FORTREL

Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better

Without Life, this would still be the face of the Mafia.



You know the face.

You saw it in a hundred gangster films. But because you never saw it on the street, you wondered. Maybe the Mafia is a fairytale?

Then Life blew the lid off. With an incisive series of exclusive reports on the brotherhood today.

So now you know that the members of the syndicate are guys who look like you, live in neighborhoods like yours, dress like you, and maybe even ride to work with you on the train.

The only difference is their business. No matter how legitimate it may look, it involves murder, prostitution, extortion, narcotics, and every other bad dream you ever had.

Except it's not a dream any more.

Not since Life shook the country with the facts. Straight. No gloss. No special point of view.

Sure, others have tried to expose the Mafia.

But it was Life that made something happen.

And we're not done yet.

Life. Consider the alternative.

The Well-Bred Bostonians meet the relaxed suit.

Not everyone buys Bostonians just because they're well-made.



BOSTONIAN TRED-FLEX. Deft in style. A striking earthy tone. The form accented by the traced toe shape. Completing something new in men's fashion—the relaxed suit.

A coordination in taste that marries the sportscoat with the casual slacks. Dress that is now correct for both business and pleasure. And set off with the smooth lines of a Tred-Flex.

Well-Bred Bostonians are created with all the skills of specialized craftsmen. Built with the finest tenderized leathers. Styled to complete only the best in men's fashions.

And that says it all. **BOSTONIAN**

(Featured) #6216; (Lower left) #6218; (Lower right) #6220. in Brown Kona Calf. Also in Black Most Bostonians $19.95 to $40.00. (Slightly higher in West). Also available in Canada. Write for name of nearest dealer, Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass.

Plymouth Satellite is having its hottest year in history.

And the beat goes on.

What makes this year's Satellite such a greet success? Maybe it's the great looks.

Or maybe it's the economy and handling of a neetly mid-size car. The scet of a 273 V-8. The sport of an optionel ell-vinyl interior. It just may be Satellite's got a lot more going for it than the rest.

Whetever the lure of our all-new Satellites—people are liking them. We're salling them. More and more all the time. We figure the sky's the limit.

Your Plymouth Dealer is in ona of the peak selling seasons of what looks like his greetest year ever. He's going ell out to win you over. And tha beet goes on.



SCORECARD

CALIFORNIA ARITHMETIC

Jimmy Ellis of Louisville will be in double jeopardy next Saturday when he meets California's Jerry Quarry in Oakland for the World Boxing Association heavyweight title. The two hazards are Quarry's powerful counterpunches and the state's "simplified five" scoring system, which aids sluggers, handicaps boxers and could easily be manipulated to favor one fighter. The winner of a round gets one to five points, usually one, and the loser none. But if the winner scores a knockdown he gets as many as four, thus making up for four poor rounds with a single blow. It is the knockdowns that open the way for outrageous decisions, but California judges sometimes don't even need them.

On February 15, Bantamweight Jesus Pimentel of Los Angeles was awarded a decision over Sho Saijyo of Japan. Even L.A.'s chauvinistic Mexican fans were infuriated and littered the ring with refuse. The rest of the card had to be canceled.

L.A.'s Raul Rojas was behind on two cards, and even on the third, going into the 12th round of his March 29 featherweight title fight with Colombian Enrique Higgins. In the 12th, Rojas knocked Higgins sprawling into the ropes (he took a mandatory eight count) with a forearm blow to the head. For this Rojas received three points from each official and went on to an easy decision, 11-6, 10-5, 10-6. What may have been a close Rojas victory, or more likely a draw, became a walkaway.

In Quarry's two fights with Floyd Patterson he came off with a draw and a split decision. In neither fight would he have come close under another scoring system. In total, Patterson won 12 of 22 rounds and Quarry no more than eight. In the first fight, judges gave Patterson two points for a knockdown and Quarry three. In the second, Quarry was given three points by one official for a knockdown that was thought by many to be the result of a slip, and this was the deciding factor in the split decision.

"The situation is vicious and obvious in California," says one Los Angeles fight manager. "This state is notorious for hum decisions."

It would be shocking if another championship—even a WBA version—were decided by a questionable verdict.

WAIT TILL NEXT YEAR

Pope Paul VI, like most other Italians, is a soccer fan and admits he had been looking forward to the audience he granted to the Lazio team and its management. Before blessing them, however, he heard a tale of woe.

"Your Holiness," lamented the team president, "our affairs are regretfully most unfortunate. We went out to win the championship and instead our hopes have been dashed . . ."

"The game of football is like that," said the Pope. "You win and you lose."

BRIDE AND VROOM

When officials of the 24-hour City of Buenos Aires automobile race recently moved up the date of the event two weeks, driver Carlos Costes found himself in trouble. The race was to start at 3:15 p.m. on the same day he was supposed to be married. To alter the wedding plans would have involved endless red tape and, no small matter, disappointed his fiancée, Maria de Carmen Calvo.

However, race rules stipulated that pilot and copilot could spell each other for periods up to three hours, and that was all Carlos needed. At precisely 8:20 p.m., five hours after the race started in the Municipal Autodrome, copilot Mario van Diest took over the Fiat from Costes, who was driven to his parents' home, 7.8 miles away through evening rush-hour traffic, in 10 minutes flat. He changed out of his racing gear into tails and was driven to the church. The ceremony over, a dozen in the wedding party rushed to his parents' home. There the bride and groom cut the cake. Carlos toasted Maria with a glass of champagne, changed back into his racing suit and made the return dash to the track. He took over from Van Diest at 11:15 p.m., five minutes before the deadline.

The groom finished 13th in a field of 73 the next day, but the Fiat came out in excellent condition. Carlos put Maria in it and drove 250 miles to an Atlantic resort for a one-week honeymoon.

PHENOM

A fellow who easily outhit Clemente, Yaz and the other stars down in Florida was not brought north by any major league team. His name is Jack Wernz. Played in 40 games down there, had 119 hits in 160 at bats for a .744 batting average. Among the hits were 37 doubles, eight triples, 27 homers. Knows where the strike zone is, too, didn't fan once all spring. Wernz is 77 years old, played for the Three-Quarter Century Softball Club Inc. in St. Petersburg.

LOSERS

A Miami advertising agency made a film recently to promote a new General Electric product, a homing device designed to aid in the rescue of fliers downed at



sea. Two Fort Lauderdale men, Don Allen and Ted Drum, were hired to pose as pilots in a life raft. They were towed out into the Atlantic and set adrift. A helicopter with photographers hovered overhead recording the "sea rescue," and a cabin cruiser stood nearby. By late afternoon the helicopter was running low on gas. "They told us they would be back as soon as they refueled," Allen

continued

Get with
ICE BLUE!



ICE BLUE
AQUA VELVA
AFTER SHAVE LOTION



There's Something About An AQUA VELVA Man!

WHAT A GLIDE! WHAT A SLIDE!



AQUA VELVA
SILICONE
LATHER
for a silicone-smooth shave

says. "But while they were gone the boat lost sight of us." The Gulf Stream pushed the raft northward. When the helicopter returned, it could not find the men, either. The Coast Guard was alerted. Aided by two airplanes and another cruiser, it searched fruitlessly for the raft. Seven hours later Allen and Drum were washed up on Pompano Beach after having rowed most of the way to shore.

As for that homing device that was supposed to aid in the search—well, the admen hadn't bothered to put one on board.

THE IMAGE—I

The Grand Prix circuit has always been the most glamorous form of automobile racing, followed closely by the sports car tour. Both have prestige, a continental setting, chic women and all the rest. But *Indianapolis*, until recently, was a different matter. Mention Indy and somebody would always conjure up a guy in a leather jacket with grease under his broken fingernails, chopping up the King's English. All of that has changed in the past three or four years, but if any doubts linger they should be dispelled by the fall/winter sportsclothes line that Robert Bruce, Inc. of Philadelphia will shortly introduce. Right there next to all those sideburned, razor-cut professional models is Mario Andretti, twice USAC national champion, bedecked in pullover sweaters, turtleneck shirts and zip-front jackets, looking for all the world like, well, like a sporty-car driver, for gosh sakes.

The racing theme is obvious. Torino, Mustang and Cougar sweaters (the "Fastback Trio") will vie with Pacer turtlenecks and Sebring jackets, all with bright, wild colors and stripes. This is not the first time an Indy driver has been used to sell men's clothing. "But we chose Andretti because he's young and has a fantastic image for merchandising," said Robert Bruce advertising director Norton Binder. "Mario has a flair for this kind of thing. His modeling was almost like a professional's."

THE IMAGE—II

Andretti's chief rival on the Indy-championship trail, A. J. Foyt, is having another kind of image problem. His car won't work. In the first two races of the 1968 big-car circuit, A.J., who won the driving title for a record fifth time

continued



Go ahead. Take a shot in the dark. With the Minolta Hi-matic 9's unique "Easy Flash", you can't miss!

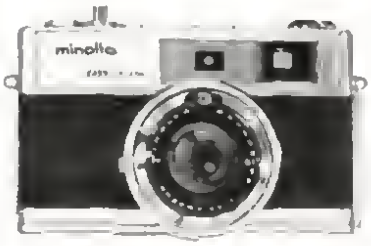
Forget about guesstimates on distance (who carries a tape measure?) and the hurried mental calculating other cameras force on you.

With "Easy Flash" all you do is set the flash bulb guide number . . . then focus and shoot. It's as easy as that!

Fact is, "Easy Flash" does for flash photos what the automatic transmission did for cars. And only Minolta has "Easy Flash".

Another unique advantage is the Hi-matic's "triple-play" operation—your choice of fully automatic, semi-automatic or manual exposure control.

With a razor-sharp Rokkor f/1.7 lens, sensitive electric eye and many other features, the Minolta Hi-matic 9 is less than $110 plus case. At your dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 200 Park Ave. South, New York, New York 10003.



Minolta
Hi-matic 9

Usher's was light when
the buffalo roamed,
our capitol was domed,
taxes were low,
the mails were slow,
balloons were the things,
and only angels had wings.
When the west was wild,
only Usher's was mild.
You see, Usher's
Green Stripe Scotch
was light in 1853.
It's the only one that was.
Try a sip of Usher's and see
how light was meant to be.



The original light Scotch

Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 proof,
Brown-Forman Distillers Corp., Louisville, Ky. ©1967.

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS



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However, we have to admit that it's flattering to publish a magazine fit for a king, or a prince. But we're not getting a swelled head over it. We're still wearing the same size 7¼ crown.



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Last year was no [illegible] financial troubles [illegible] two big stock [illegible] and the Daytona [illegible] he gathered up [illegible] watched them down to the [illegible] at the Saratoga [illegible]

Everybody wondered [illegible] got Lost Code [illegible] with his own [illegible] Kentucky [illegible] had to [illegible] he said.

But [illegible] complete [illegible] and Lost [illegible] more precisely [illegible] Sid Asl [illegible] to the Stork Poppers [illegible]

THIRD THOUGHT

Long jumper Ralph Boston [illegible] last week as considering [illegible] Olympic boycott because of the murder of Martin Luther King, he's decided to try out for the U.S. team this summer.

I was speaking in anger, he said. I was not myself.

COOK WELL

For some time marine biologists have known that clams and oysters taken from polluted waters were unfit for human consumption, but a recently published study concerning Maryland's Chesapeake Bay suggests that fish caught in polluted waters may also be dangerous to eat. Antibodies in the bacteria that cause paratyphoid fever, pseudotuberculosis and dysentery have been found in the blood of white perch taken from rivers flowing into Chesapeake Bay.

In Japan, where it's the custom to eat raw fish, hundreds of poisoning cases have been traced to fish. Most Americans cook their catch, and probably the cooking process destroys the dangerous bacteria. Still, the Maryland report is disturbing. Once again, it seems that in our own detriment we are despoiling more of nature than had previously been imagined.

HORSING AROUND

Skier Nancy Greene and Golfer George Knudson have bought shares in a horse that may start in next month's Kentucky Derby. In fact, a number of people, including Shelley Berman and Lady Iris Mountbatten, have rushed to get [illegible] of the action. If you can't tell [illegible] that. Old hands at [illegible] Aqueduct [illegible] and [illegible] a fluff of [illegible]

A Toronto newspaperman, Paul Pip[illegible] and a photographer, Fred Kno[illegible] at public auction last [illegible] for $1,700. They had had several [illegible] their purchase, and the [illegible] to have quite a few [illegible] the Queen's Plate, the [illegible] owners gave Arcaro [illegible] saying [illegible] the pot party at [illegible]

The [illegible] Columbia [illegible] of open [illegible] rules, but [illegible] Annabelle's [illegible] Annabelle [illegible] apparently [illegible] the filly appears [illegible] Derby [illegible] be accompanied [illegible] Reginald Rinstead and Ross decided [illegible] could exhibit Annabelle [illegible] the expenses, however, [illegible] successive to sell shares in her [illegible] bidding will be considered [illegible] one race only, the Derby), which [illegible] another party. A suite in Toronto's [illegible] Distinguished hotel, the Royal York, is rented, and must [illegible] champagne [illegible] are down in 30 [illegible] Annabelle arrived at the party [illegible] freight elevator. She was subdued [illegible] the rumor is that she was [illegible] isolation, though with Annabelle [illegible] be difficult to tell.

Reginald and Ross hope to sell 5,000 [illegible] Annabelle at $1 each. Normally [illegible] be [illegible] to become more than [illegible] and [illegible] to sustain the speculation. We sold 500 shares the [illegible] after Annabelle's party. R[illegible] is [illegible]

The [illegible] imposed is the Dr[illegible] Dan Dunphy Securities C[illegible] division. He's [illegible] Dunphy [illegible] that police [illegible] Annabelle is [illegible] and will be [illegible] filling a prospectus.

A prospectus on Annabelle [illegible] Aw, that would ruin all the fun.

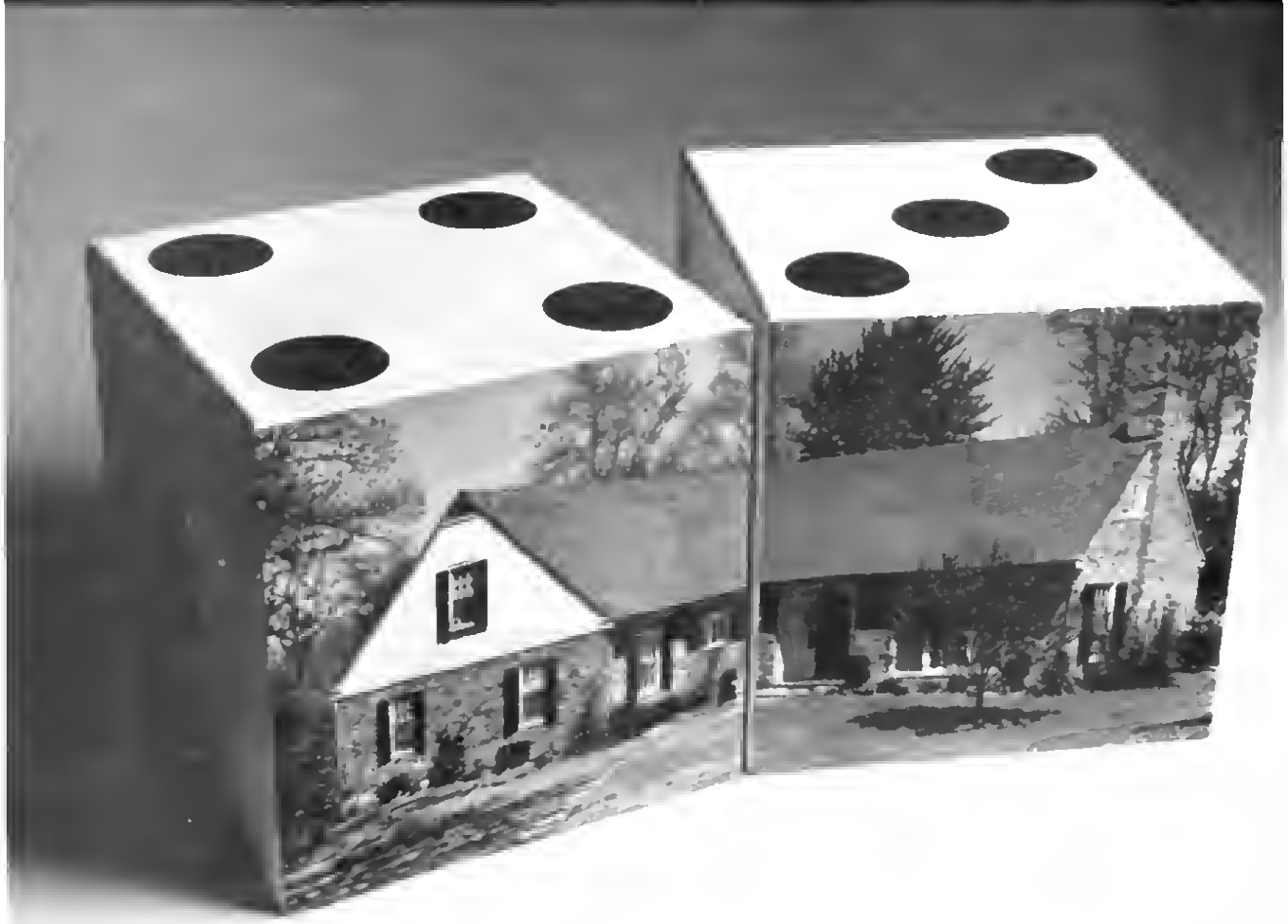
THEY SAID IT

• Pepper Rodgers, Kansas football coach, asked if, in view of the success he had last season, using blackmail as recruiters, he would like Jim Ryun on the team: "We could use him on third down and a-mile-to-go situations."

• Don Easterling, University of Texas at Arlington coach, after his Rick Nesbit won the NCAA 100-yard breaststroke: "He swam like a ball bearing in a saucer of grease." END

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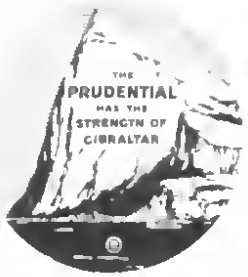


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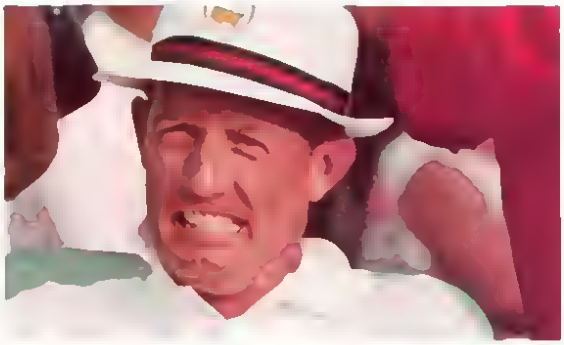
Sports Illustrated
APRIL 22, 1968

GOLF'S CRAZIEST DRAMA

A cruel technicality destroyed the popular Roberto de Vicenzo and also awarded the Masters to Bob Goalby, but before that happened a number of colorful players contributed to the sport's most suspenseful theater in years



Arnold Palmer: He missed the cut — yes, he missed the cut — and Arnie's Army shared the shakes with him.



Don January: tied for 14th. He had the lead in his grasp on Saturday, and then an eagle putt rolled into a creek.



Bert Yancey: third. A rather peaceful figure until four birdies in the last six holes gave him a smashing 65.





Bill Casper: tied for 16th. He was dancing small jigs on opening day, but then a sausage upset his Masters.



Doug Sanders: tied for 12th. Though his golfing pyrotechnics were slight, his sartorial efforts were unsurpassed.



Jack Nicklaus: tied for fifth. He started as heavy favorite, but his shots were as wild as the tournament.





Gary Player: tied for seventh. He was able to recover from bushes (left) but not from some dreadful putting.

Bruce Devlin: fourth. He fell into a pond and out of the lead when he took an eight on the second day.

CONTINUED



'I'D BE A LIAR IF I SAID I WASN'T HAPPY'

by ALFRED WRIGHT

It was a Masters finish they will still talk about when Arnold Palmer's grandsons are wearing the green jackets of champions. Eleven players started the final round within three strokes of the lead, and six of them still were in contention through the last nine holes. Not till the final two holes did the tournament distill into a contest between Roberto de Vicenzo, the gay and charming Argentine, and Bob Goalby (*see cover*), a big, handsome onetime football player from Illinois who has been laboring fitfully on the golf tour for 11 years. When Goalby sank a sticky four-foot putt for a par at the 72nd with de Vicenzo pulling at his lower lip as he watched apprehensively from a chair at the scorer's table alongside the green, a big cheer went up for the tie. Both were in at 277, 11 strokes under par and the fourth best score in the 32-year history of golf's spring classic.

As everyone started replanning his schedule for the playoff on Monday, de Vicenzo was led off to the television room for the ersatz presentation ceremony that is broadcast prior to the real thing. It was only after Roberto had left the scorer's table that Tommy Aaron looked at de Vicenzo's scorecard and noticed something odd. The final total read 66 instead of 65, which was the remarkable score Roberto had shot. Aaron called it to the scorer's attention, and that green-coated gentleman snatched up the card and rushed off with it to a nearby cottage where the ailing Bobby Jones, president of the Augusta National Golf Club and co-host of the Masters, was watching the tournament on television.

Clifford Roberts and several other officials got wind of the trouble and also hurried over to Jones's cottage. At this brief meeting in Jones's bedroom it was agreed that nothing could be done, that the harsh rules of golf must apply. De Vicenzo had signed and thereby verified the wrong score, and the rules say that in such a case the score he signed must stand. So Roberto was credited with 278 and Bob Goalby became the 1968 Masters champion on a scorekeeping error.

The first that de Vicenzo knew of the trouble was when a tournament official appeared in the television room and summoned him back to the 18th green. He was shown the card and he acknowledged the error—three errors, in fact. Aaron, who had been keeping his playing partner's score, as is the custom in tournament golf, had written in a 4 instead of a 3 for the birdie Roberto had made at the 17th hole. He had also totaled the second nine holes at 35 and the 18 holes at 66, both wrong, although the totals are not considered part of the error. The fact that Roberto had checked the figures for each hole, signed the card and handed it in to the scorer as correct meant that it was official. (If the erroneous figure had been lower than the actual score, instead of higher, Roberto would have been disqualified).

"I am so unhappy to make 5 on the last hole, and Bob, he gave me so much pressure on the last hole that I lose my brain," Roberto said sadly in his broken English when it was all over. "I play golf all over the world for 30 years, and now all I can think of is what a stupid I am to be wrong in this wonderful tournament. Never have I ever done such a thing before. Maybe I am too old to win." It was Roberto's 45th birthday—galleries along the course had sung, "Happy birthday, Roberto, happy birthday to you"—and what a miserable present it was.

It was certainly a most depressing climax to a thrilling Masters. All afternoon the pressure had been building. De Vicenzo, who had started the final round on this beautiful Easter Sunday in a tie for seventh, two strokes behind Gary Player's lead, set the tone of the day by sinking a nine-iron approach shot at the first hole for an eagle 2 and followed that with birdies at the 2nd, 3rd and 8th for an outgoing 31.

One after another they came to challenge him. First it was Bruce Devlin, the Australian, who birdied the first three holes to draw even. Then came Goalby with birdies at 5, 6 and 8. Then Player himself with birdies at 7 and 8 after an unsteady start.

Roberto was well into the back nine and still getting birdies before he could shake all but Goalby, playing two holes to the rear and matching him birdie for birdie. Going down the 15th fairway, a par-5, Goalby hit an absolutely classic three-iron over the pond that fronts the green, and the ball settled softly eight feet from the pin. Almost simultaneously Roberto lofted an approach shot off the 17th fairway, going in the opposite direction, and his ball, too, was no more than eight feet from the hole.

It was at exactly 23 minutes past 4 that the roar went up from the great gallery banked around the 17th green, a roar that started rolling across the Augusta countryside carrying the news that Roberto had dropped his birdie putt to go 12 under par and lead the tournament by two strokes. But even as the cheer for Roberto was in the air, an answering roar came from the 15th green, where Goalby had sunk *his* putt for an eagle 3 that brought him to 12 under, too.

It was on the 18th hole that Roberto hit his only poor shot of the day, a four-iron that hooked into the spectators alongside the left of the green and trickled down the hill in front of the press tower, coming to rest on the matted brown grass trampled by the gallery throughout the week. The only safe shot from there was a putt, which he played

continued

Bob Goalby sinks the nerve-racking four-footer on the 18th green that earned him a tie—he thought—but actually made him a Masters champion.

a bit too cautiously with his mallet-headed putter, leaving him some seven sloping feet from the cup. When Roberto's putt lipped the cup for a bogey, he lost his lead for the first time that day.

Goalby, too, had one bogey left, and that came when he three-putted the 17th green moments later. So it was after Goalby had made his par at the 72nd that the nerve-racking finish arrived at its dreary, technical climax.

There is no part of tournament golf that creates more controversy than the signing and attesting of scorecards. Even tournament players, those most familiar with the game, find it incongruous that players who are under all the stress of competition must be responsible for the bookkeeping aspects of a match. Back in 1957 Jackie Pung suffered an even worse fate than de Vicenzo when she turned in an erroneous card after bringing home the lowest score of the U.S. Women's Open at Winged Foot. In her case a score lower than she had taken had been marked down for a hole, although the totals were correct. So she was disqualified and received not a penny in prize money. Two years ago Doug Sanders was disqualified from the Pensacola Open for failing to sign his scorecard. Through the years there have been other, less conspicuous misfortunes.

Everyone in golf, including the USGA, which makes the rules, is aware of the problem, but no one yet has come up with a satisfactory solution. Unlike baseball or basketball, where everyone can see what happens within a confined area, golf is played over several hundred acres by a hundred or more players, so the logistics of supplying a scorekeeper for each of some 20,000 shots during a four-day period would be more than slightly prohibitive. It is the position of the USGA, moreover, that this is a gentleman's game; when a player attests to his score, his word as a gentleman should be final. Under such circumstances the penalties for errors, intended or otherwise, must necessarily be severe.

It was this point of view alone that prevailed in the de Vicenzo case, for there is no more popular or upright competitor in sport. For Bob Goalby, a man who has hoed a very long and trying row to his big triumph, it was a particularly ugly way to win. Bob's father drove trucks for Swift & Co. most of his life in Belleville, Ill. and sometimes caddied at the nearby St. Clair Country Club in his spare time. Young Bob, big and strong, also caddied, but his sports were baseball and football, and he went to the University of Illinois in the late '40s on a football scholarship. After college and the service, he worked as an assistant pro in such scattered enclaves of luxury as Darien, Conn. and Palm Springs, Calif. It was uphill all the way.

As an assistant pro at Tamarisk, Goalby came under the coaching of Johnny Revolta, for whom he was working, and there he built the kind of golf game that was good enough to take on the tour and win him Rookie of the Year honors in 1958. Like most big, strong young pros, Bob could hit the ball a mile, but he had to fight a duck hook that often sent him into the woods. The more he hooked the madder he got, and he soon developed a reputation as the wildest, angriest pro on the tour.

Sam Snead, a man who will never be remembered for his docile disposition, was largely responsible for showing Goalby how to curb his temper in the last couple of years, but the hook stayed with him until he decided to remake his game last winter. In the process he had what he frankly admits is his "worst start in 12 years." His best showing was a 17th at Palm Springs. Doggedly he stuck with the rebuilding program, and when he arrived at Augusta he was playing as well as he could remember.

"I had this mental picture on my downswing as if I was cutting the ball a little," he explains, "and I began to figure I had finally caught on to something." Practicing with Snead, Doug Ford and Gene Littler, he shot a 66 and a 67, and they said if he kept on playing like that he could win. Bob phoned his wife Sarah, who had taken their two sons to Little Rock to visit her parents, and told her what Snead and the others had said. The word was not around the course, however. At one private Calcutta pool, where the players like Nicklaus and Palmer were auctioned for $350 or more, Bob went for $5.

After his two opening rounds of 70, everyone just took it for granted that Goalby would sooner or later start to hook. "I've always played terrible here," Bob kept repeating, as if he, too, were surprised, but he kept cutting the ball with that new downswing and was never more than two strokes off the lead until that eagle putt on the 69th hole on Sunday when he finally caught de Vicenzo.

"I'm very happy I won the tournament," he said afterward, "and I'd be a liar if I told you I wasn't. But I'm really sorry I won it the way I did. I'd much rather have done it in a playoff. Roberto has been one of my good friends for 12 years, and there has never been a nicer fellow."

Four days earlier the 1968 Masters had come to order on a somber, if not subdued, note. Only 150 miles away Martin Luther King had just been laid to rest, and there was no mistaking the sobriety of the mood across the state of Georgia, of which Augusta was once the capital.

You could feel this atmosphere around the Augusta National course, where the galleries seemed smaller and far less exuberant than in years past (official attendance figures are always the Masters' own well-kept secret). Coming into the clubhouse after their opening rounds on Thursday, the players, one after another, said the same thing. "How was it out there?" they would be asked. "Quiet," they would answer.

This was the 12th Masters for William Earl Casper Jr., who is now in his 37th year and 15th as a professional golfer. The second-biggest money winner in the history of golf and twice the U.S. Open champion, Bill has been long overdue for his green Masters jacket. Yet he had never finished better than fourth at Augusta and never shot better than 286. People began to wonder if the Augusta National bugged Bill, and he gave his answer early on Thursday afternoon with a fine four-under-par 68 that stood up as the leading score through the rest of the day.

It was a bright sunny day with a crisp wind out of the north that made it exceptionally difficult to choose the right club, yet 16 players were under par. Either golfers were getting better or the course was getting easier with age. Among those in a five-way tie a stroke behind Casper was Tony Jacklin, the peppery young Englishman who had just become the first of his countrymen to win an American tournament since 1920. That was at Jacksonville a fortnight earlier, and the event was front-page news in *The Times* of London. Needless to say, the sporting press of England crossed the Atlantic Ocean in droves to await and report a possible miracle at Augusta, but Tony's game was not yet up to it. Subsequent scores of 73-74-72

dropped him well back into the pack.

Those tied with Jacklin were de Vicenzo, Aaron, Jack Nicklaus and Bruce Devlin, all destined to remain in contention for the championship until the closing holes. Not Casper, however. By the second day his old Augusta problems returned to vex him, and the 75 he shot under the most ideal conditions left him out of contention for good. Casper told the press he was feeling a little off his feed and blamed it on either some peaches or a sausage he had consumed that morning for breakfast.

Frank Beard grabbed the spotlight on Friday with a brilliant 65, just one shot over the course record that is shared by Lloyd Mangrum (1940) and Jack Nicklaus (1965). Beard's round put him in second place along with Goalby and Nicklaus, all of them a stroke behind Gary Player, who had a 67, and Don January, who shot a 68. Certainly the Masters is serious business for all the golfers and a most important victory for any of them, but to Player it seemed almost a crusade. Above all, he wanted it to vindicate his contention that he is one of the alltime greats of golf, as indeed he almost is.

Player had another incentive, as well. Golf has brought Gary security in the form of a large farm north of Johannesburg, and he is becoming increasingly unhappy about the time he must spend at golf when he could be home with his wife and children and the quarter horses he is starting to breed. If he won the Masters, Player would feel justified in taking the next flight home. Otherwise he would have to stay in the U.S. to complete the 15-tournament minimum required of a foreign player to maintain his PGA playing card.

After moving into a tie for the lead, Player made the rather rare concession (for him) that he had putted well, sinking six birdie putts at distances from 18 inches to 20 feet. Then he gave a short lecture on the importance of physical fitness and a nonfattening diet.

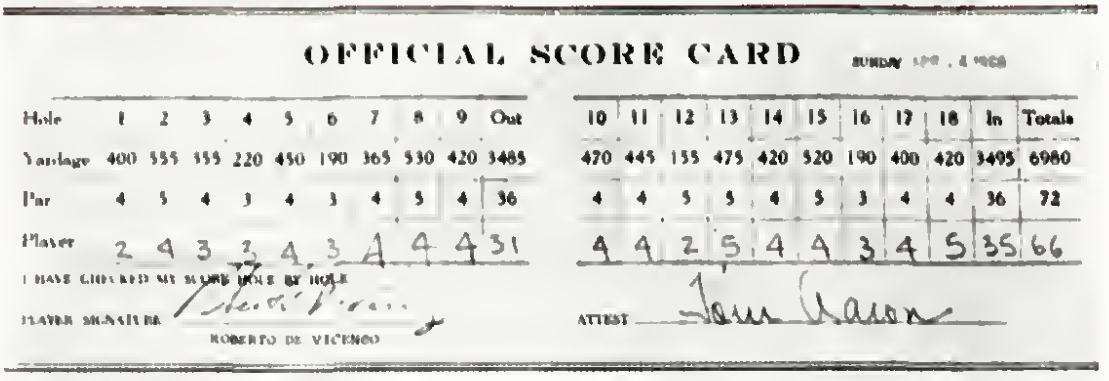
While all this was going on, a poignant drama was taking place in front of silent thousands as Arnold Palmer shot a 79 and missed the 36-hole cut for the first time since he made his debut at the Masters in 1955. It is one of the enigmas of golf that a player of Palmer's stature and talent could start his round on Friday in the best of spirits, feeling he was going to play well, only to have the spring in his clubs turn to lead. Palmer himself could not explain it and he made no excuses for himself as he discussed his debacle at home that evening. The Masters' only four-time winner stayed around for lunch the next day with Cliff Roberts and a tour around the course, then took off in his Lear jet for Latrobe, dipping a wing in salute over the Augusta National.

There is probably no way to re-create what happened on Saturday for those who were not there and even for those who were. The day started with Player and January holding that one-stroke lead over Goalby, Nicklaus and Beard. Another stroke back was Tommy Aaron. And then the field. At one point or another through Saturday afternoon all of these, along with de Vicenzo, Devlin, Raymond Floyd, Miller Barber, Lee Trevino and Bert Yancey, shared first or second place. Inasmuch as the leader boards around the course hold only 10 names, the gallery sometimes had no notion who was ahead.

The last pairing in the group contained Player and Yancey, who was to finish the tournament in third place. On No. 17 Player missed a short putt that dropped him back into a six-way tie for the lead with Beard, Floyd, Goalby, Devlin and January, all of whom were already in at five-under-par. Then, on the 18th green, Player faced a snaky 30-foot downhill putt, and his purpose at that point was to get it in the hole in no more than two strokes. He barely touched the ball to start it rolling, and it slowly wound its way into the cup for a birdie 3. So Player ended the day in solitary ownership of first place, albeit a most unhappy player.

Three times through the round Player had three-putted a green, but on the stretch of holes 8 through 10 he had sunk three birdie putts, one of 20 feet. "It's the best I can hit the ball from tee to green," he grumbled, "but I'm absolutely pathetic on the greens. I am going out there tomorrow and charge this course and try to make a birdie or better."

Try he did, but it was only good enough to bring him a tie for seventh. The charming de Vicenzo and the handsome Goalby settled matters between themselves in a most sadly technical way after some of the best pressure golf ever played at Augusta. **END**



OFFICIAL SCORE CARD

SUNDAY APR. 4 1968

Hole	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Out	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	In	Totals
Yardage	400	555	355	220	450	190	365	530	420	3485	470	445	155	475	420	520	190	400	420	3495	6980
Par	4	5	4	3	4	3	4	5	4	36	4	4	5	5	4	5	3	4	4	36	72
Player	2	4	3	3	4	3	4	4	4	31	4	4	2	5	4	4	3	4	5	35	66

I HAVE CHECKED MY SCORE HOLE BY HOLE

PLAYER SIGNATURE Roberto De Vicenzo

ROBERTO DE VICENZO

ATTEST Tom Aaron

Here is the actual de Vicenzo scorecard—now being held in the files of Augusta National. It is sure to become one of golf's most famous bits of memorabilia. Note the specific warning printed above de Vicenzo's signature: "I have checked my score hole by hole."

THE BATTLE OF THE BIG TOWNS

As Stanley Cup hockey heated up, the best war was between New York's Rangers, who had a plan, and the Second City's Black Hawks, who behaved like doves for a time but then got pretty mean **by PETE AXTHELM**

Stan Mikita, the leading scorer in the National Hockey League, leaned back on the bench in front of his locker in the Black Hawks' dressing room last Saturday afternoon and started to pull off his red-and-black jersey. The shirt was heavy with sweat; Mikita struggled to get it over his head. "It's been a long time since I've been this drenched after a game," he said. "I guess we worked pretty hard today."

Mikita and his linemates, Kenny Wharram and Doug Mohns, had just played one of their finest games to help the Hawks beat the New York Rangers, 3–1, and tie their Stanley Cup playoff series at two games apiece. "Did you win this game because you worked harder than they did?" Mikita was asked. "Oh, everybody worked hard in this one," he said. "I think you'll find some pretty tired guys in the other locker room, too."

Both the Hawks and Rangers had good reason to be exhausted last week as they fought through a series that was easily the most exciting of the four Stanley Cup semifinals. The second-place Rangers entered the playoffs as solid favorites over the slumping Hawks, and New York did win the first two games. But Chicago dramatically regained its best form and won the next three. The Hawks were a superior team in their first two victories and a lucky one in the third, which was decided by rookie Bob Schmautz' fluke 90-foot goal. That Sunday night win in New York brought the Hawks close—but the issue was still in doubt. Both teams were showing their sellout crowds the way hockey can be played when $7,500 a man is at stake.

The other first-round East series was disappointing. The Boston Bruins, who had hoped to use their size and strength to overpower the swifter Montreal Canadiens, did little hard hitting and even less shooting and dropped four straight. Harry Sinden, the young coach who led Boston into the playoffs for the first time in eight years, admitted sadly, "A lot of us found out what Stanley Cup play is all about—including myself."

In the West, as the week ended, both the series were tight. The Philadelphia Flyers, who had won the expansion pennant, suffered a disastrous offensive slump and fell behind the St. Louis Blues,



Bobby Hull (top) and Pit Martin press attack on New York as Hull's shadow, Ron Stewart, jockeys for position. Martin made timely goals.

3-1, but on Saturday found the net again and crushed the Blues 6–1. In the other West series the Los Angeles Kings held a 3-2 lead over Minnesota. It could have been a runaway for the Kings, who swept the first two games, but they blew two-goal leads in consecutive games in Minnesota before squeaking to a 3–2 win on Saturday back in Los Angeles.

The element that set the Ranger-Black Hawk series apart, however, was not the tightness of the race but the quality of play. "It's very unusual," said Hawk Defenseman Pat Stapleton, "to see two teams going so well at one time. I don't think anyone can say he's had a bad series. The team that wins will know it really accomplished something."

Striking contrasts between the teams and coaches made the Ranger-Hawk confrontation fascinating. New York came into the series on a winning streak; Chicago had failed to win in its last six regular-season games. The Rangers were deep and well balanced, while the Hawks seemed to be leaning too heavily on a few men—most notably Hull, who was required to play left wing on his own line, center another line, lead power plays and kill penalties.

Coach Emile Francis had a clearcut strategy for a Ranger victory, and he was supremely confident that it would work. His attitude was contagious, and his players were cool and relaxed off the ice. Billy Reay, on the other hand, was nervous and ill-tempered as he juggled his lines with an air of desperation. The Hawks themselves seemed tense and subdued as the series began. "We know now that we're a better team than they are," Mohns said after Saturday's fourth game. "But we finished fourth and they were second, so we had to have some doubts when we started."

Francis' plan was fairly simple: Phil Goyette, Bob Nevin and Don Marshall, good defensive forwards, would hold their own against Mikita's line. Ron Stewart would shadow Bobby Hull all over the ice, cutting down the effectiveness of Bobby's line. And Jean Ratelle and Rod Gilbert would be free to lead the New York scoring.

The strategy worked well for two games, partly because of the burden that Reay placed on Hull. Bobby, as usual, was willing to play 60 minutes a game to help the Hawks. "I enjoy the responsibility," he said. But he played so much in the first two games that he tired slightly, and Stewart checked him so closely that he seldom broke loose to lead the offensive rushes the Hawks needed. "Every time I get the puck, he's there," Bobby said. "Just once I'd like to be able to skate freely."

"I'm just doing a job," said Stewart. "Some guys are paid to score. I'm paid to check. And when contract time comes around, don't worry, my efforts will be appreciated."

With Hull frustrated, the Rangers won the first game 3–1 and held on to win the second 2–1, although the Hawks outplayed them for the last two periods as Reay kept experimenting to try to get his club going. "But we're starting to skate now," warned Hull. "And in the long run it won't be any strategy that wins this series. It will be a matter of who is willing to punish himself more to get it."

Bobby, who had rested for six days at the end of the regular season to prepare for the playoffs, was ready to punish himself to the utmost, but there was some doubt about other Hawks. The team had suffered through a season of injuries, disappointments and slumps; at times the Hawks looked as if they just wanted to get the whole thing over with.

Then something happened to Chicago. "We're pros," Mikita said succinctly. "We have a lot at stake, and we have a lot to prove. We just had to start playing the way we can."

Suddenly Mikita, Wharram and Mohns were swarming all over their slower rivals. Goalie Denis DeJordy was as brilliant as his New York counterpart, Eddie Giacomin. Defenseman Gilles Marotte, who had been a major disappointment for much of the season, played two superb games in a row. The Hawks exploded for five goals in the third period of the third game, then poured 23 shots at Giacomin in the first period of the Saturday game. Everyone—right down to the Bob Schmautzes and Brian McDonalds that Reay kept finding on his bench—played a part. When Schmautz scored the deciding goal in the 2–1 fifth game, Marotte watched the reporters drift from Hull, who scored the other Hawk goal, toward the rookie. "Who's the star?" he called. "Bobby Who?" Hull showed in that game, when the Rangers held and fouled him all night, that he was still the dominant star. But the Hawks also had won two crucial games without any goals by the man who had started out to carry them.

"It doesn't bother me a bit," said Bobby Hull. "I don't care if I don't even get a shot on goal, as long as we keep winning."

Bobby *didn't* get a shot on the net during the entire third game, a 7–4 victory. But his center, Pit Martin, took seven shots—and scored with two of them. Whenever the Ranger defensemen became too preoccupied with Hull, Martin and Chico Maki were able to rush in and challenge Giacomin. Martin, who came from Boston with Marotte in last summer's controversial trade, was bothered by an ankle injury for much of this year and scored only 16 goals. Phil Esposito, the man he replaced on Hull's line, scored 35 for the Bruins—and Pit heard quite a bit about it. "I'm glad Phil had a good year," Martin said. "That didn't bother me. But I guess it bothered a lot of other people around Chicago."

Part of Martin's trouble this season came from the fact that his style did not mesh too well with Hull's. "Bobby and Chico were used to a center like Phil, who could hang tough at the red line and hit them with passes as they broke in. My style is more suited to carrying the puck myself," explained Martin. "With Bobby covered so closely now, I have to carry it more—and that's when I'm at my best."

"Martin played the two best games I've seen him in," said Francis. "He was the key man in both of them." After his two goals in the third game, Pit won a faceoff to set up Marotte's winning goal in the fourth game, then stole the puck to feed Maki for the final goal in the 3–1 triumph. Yet Francis insisted that he was unimpressed by the skating display of Martin, Mikita and the other suddenly awakened Hawks. "We never did dazzle anyone with footwork," Emile said, "but we'll grind them down."

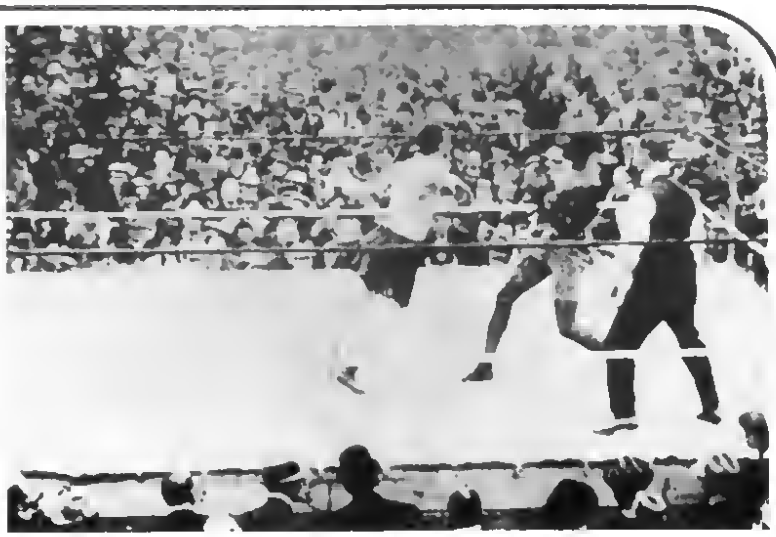
The team that does grind out this victory may prove an easy target for the well-rested Canadiens. But last week that prospect was lost in the excitement of the moment. After the third game Don Murphy, the Hawks' publicity man and most rabid fan, raced into the dressing room. "Two goals, Pit!" he yelled. "That's more than Esposito got in the whole series last year."

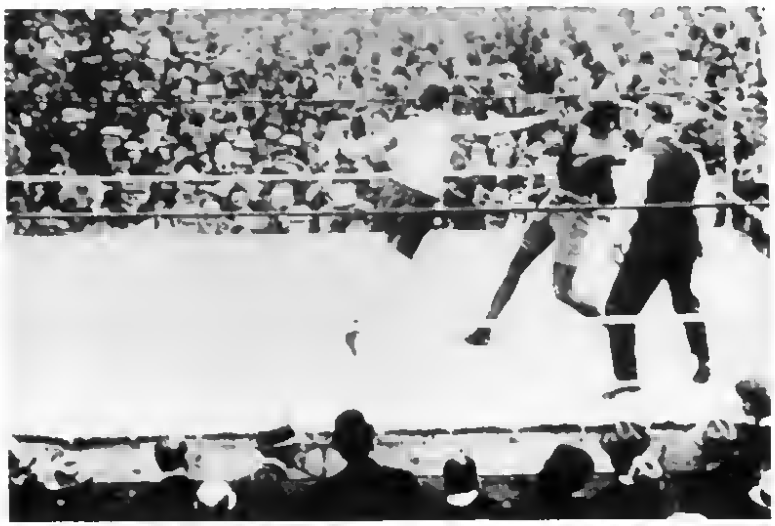
"That," laughed Martin, "is the last thing I'm worried about. I just want to win this—more than I've ever wanted to win anything, I guess." **END**

REMINISCENT, RELIABLE AND REVEALING

To hear oldtimers tell it, prizefighting's folk heroes, past masters like Jack Johnson ond John L. Sullivan, could have whipped the best of the modern crop in a single night. Thanks ta a group of pioneer camera buffs, there is na need ta rely on such nastalgia. Late in the 19th century Thomas Edison and ather early moviemakers begon to shoot films of bauts in such unlikely places os Oronge, N J. and Corson City, Nev. Same af the best of their takes hove now been assembled for theater showing in on embarrassingly legible film, "The Legendary Champians." As plain as the head an Jahn L's 5¢ beer is the fact that these men, the best of their day, would have been troubled by almast any af the champions of our time.





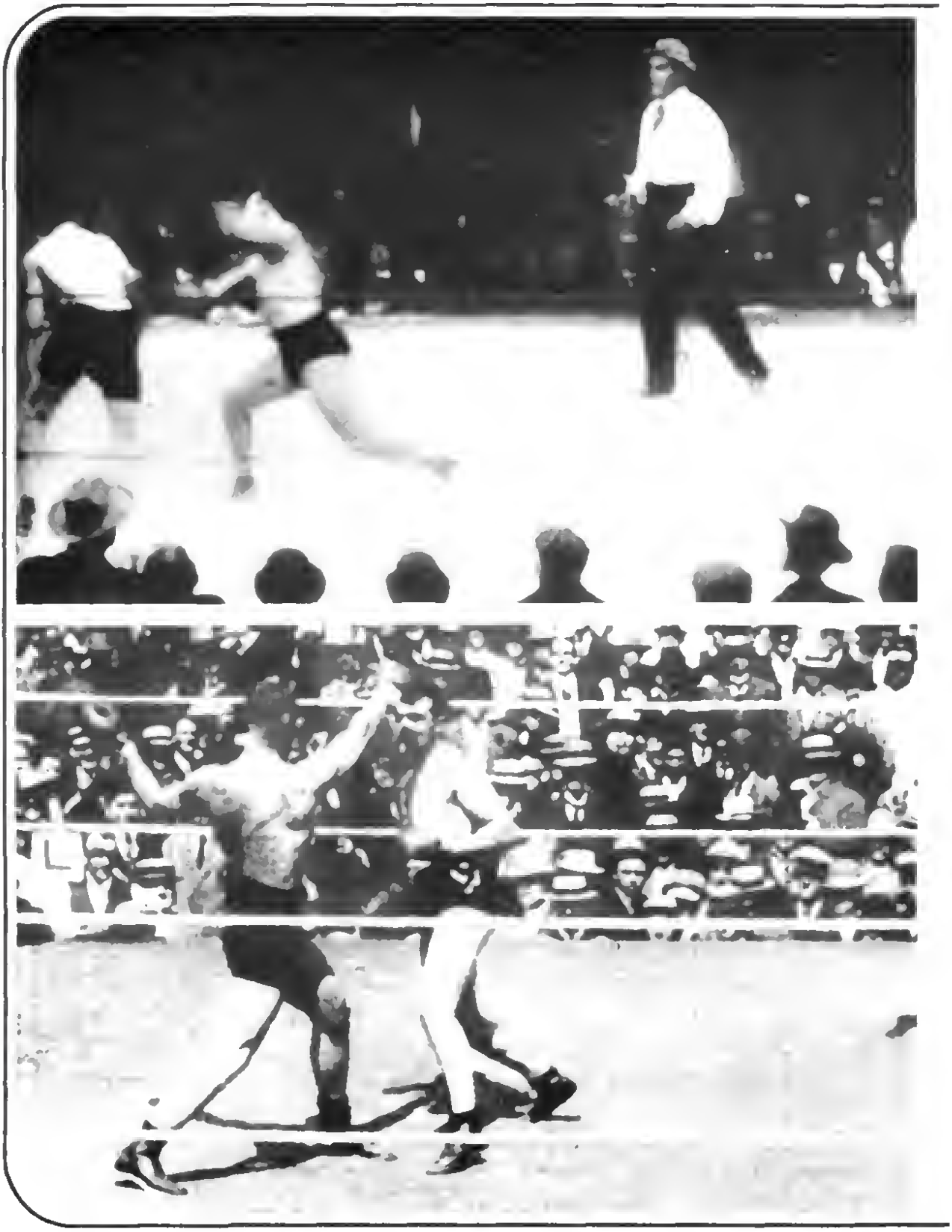


Stanley Ketchel and Jack Johnson, considered by many to be the greatest middleweight and heavyweight ever, met in 1909 at Colma, Calif. (right). In the 12th round Ketchel sent Johnson down. Johnson got up, and Ketchel advanced for the kill with a less than classical wild right. Johnson countered for a KO, then tripped inelegantly over Ketchel's feet.

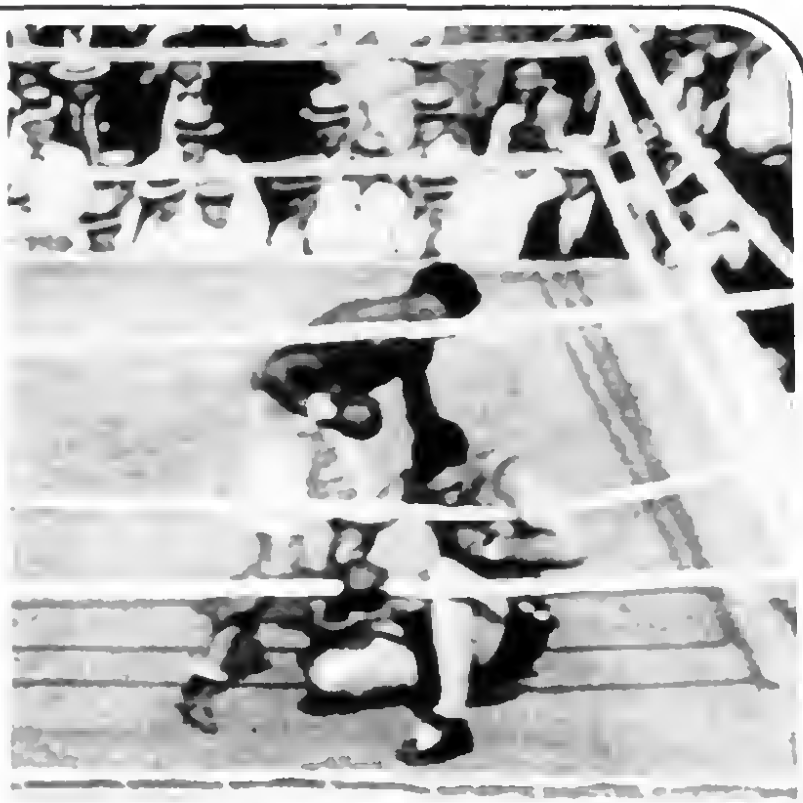


First fight film ever taken (left) pitted Peter Courtney, in black knickers, against James J. Corbett, in a precursor of the bikini. The year: 1894; the photographer, Edison. The ring was pitched in a special studio mounted on wheels that turned to catch the sun. Two-minute rounds were fought. In the sixth Corbett, conqueror of Sullivan, KOed Courtney.

CONTINUED



Philadelphia Jack O'Brien (left, on the ropes), challenging Heavyweight Champ Tommy Burns in Los Angeles, was caught by camera running away from a clumsy, clubbing assault Referee Jim Jeffries.



The million-dollar gate came in with Jack Dempsey, shown (right) pounding downed Champion Jess Willard, a legal ploy in 1919. Eight years later, largely because of this bout, came the neutral-corner rule.

Fists raised in a position that positively encouraged a KO, Bill Squires, Australian heavyweight champion (left), got it in the very first round of his 1907 match with French Canada's world titleholder, Burns.



Modern style and skill were introduced to the heavyweight division by Gene Tunney (right, facing camera). He solved Dempsey's swarming assaults with a mixture of jabs, hooks and deadening rights.

ANGRY OVERSEER OF THE MARATHON

Jock Semple, the colorful Scot who manages Boston's epic event, wages a passionate battle for his race and against those who mock it

by MYRON COPE

Certainly you've heard of Jock Semple. One year ago, to be exact, you saw his picture in the sports pages. Hardly a newspaper in the nation failed to publish the wirephotos (*below*) that flashed out of Boston on April 19, Patriot's Day.

Here is this girl named Kathy Switzer from Syracuse University. Jogging along, she wears a trackman's sweat suit and the number 261. She has crashed the Boston Marathon, an event for men only, having obtained an entry number through chicanery. Miss Switzer's dark hair swirls as she looks apprehensively over her left shoulder. Behind her, clutching wildly at her back, is this stocky old guy in a sports jacket. His fringe of gray hair blows in the cold wind, and you can see him grinding his teeth as though he were a pint-size King Kong on a rampage. He seems to want to hurl Kathy Switzer off the course and clear into Boston Bay.

The old guy is Jock Semple, of course. "That *fearsome* picture!" he still exclaims. "That awful, fierce expression!"

Immediately to Semple's left in the picture is a runner named Tom Miller, Kathy Switzer's boy friend, and Miller piles into Semple with a shoulder block. "That guy's a hammer thrower, for cripes' sake!" Semple shouts, studying a dog-eared copy of the picture. Crash goes the hammer thrower's shoulder. Out of the race goes Semple. And on goes Kathy Switzer.

This Friday—another April 19—an army of 600 runners crowds into a sort of giant corral on a side street in Hopkinton, Mass. for the start of the 72nd annual Boston Athletic Association Marathon—a 26-mile 385-yard jog to Prudential Center in Boston. The handful of distance enthusiasts who administer the race, tending to a zillion details without pay, regard the Boston Marathon as the world's second biggest international sports event—second only to the Olympic Games. But lately the great event has been fighting for its dignity. Although the best marathoners from every continent still flock to Boston, the race has become something of a field day for jokers and oddballs. In among the serious runners, fast and not so fast, are the characters: college freshmen groaning along as a part of their fraternity hazing; fat men who look as though they might have trouble climbing a flight of steps; saloon braggarts trying to win a bet; and, of course, women, who trot along as unofficial entrants, denied numbers for their chests. All of these poseurs, few of whom come close to finishing the race, send a shudder up the spine of John Duncan Semple, the irascible, 64-year-old Scot who is Mr. Boston Marathon himself.

IN FAMOUS PHOTOS FROM LAST YEAR'S RACE, JOCK SEMPLE CHARGES AT STARTLED KATHY SWITZER TO GRAB NUMBER OFF HER BACK.



"I'm not o'poozed t' women's athletics," says Jock, whose burr remains almost as thick as it was the day in 1923 when he left Clydebank for America. Indeed, he has donated trophies to women's races. "But we're taught t' respect laws—t' respect rules. The amateur rules here say a woman can't run more th'n a mile and a half. I'm in favor of makin' their races longer, hut they doon't belong with men. They doon't be ong runnin' with Jim Ryun. You wouldn't like to see a woman runnin' with Jim Ryun, wouldya?"

Jock happens to he the unpaid coach and trainer of the Boston AAA, an organizatton that has not owned a huildıng since the 1930s hut lives on in the minds of the men who run under its banner. Nearly indispensahle to the marathon, Semple processes close to 1,000 applications, responds to a flood of correspondence from around the globe and on race day herds the runners to order like a sweaty cowhoy on the Chisholm Trail. Yet, bceause last year he lit out after Miss Switzer, he has emerged as the marathon's heavy.

Actually, as much as Jock appeared to want to paddle her hehind, he was only trying to pull the number off her hack. She had applied for entry as "K. Switzer," and in order to have the physical exam waived she had sent in a doctor's certificate attesting that K. Switzer was fit to run. A male friend claimed her number for her at the scene. Miss Switzer pleads that she was ignorant of the rule harring women but that, uhm, uh, well, she resorted to a conspiracy just in *case*. It was the deception that outraged Jock. Nevertheless, Columnist Bud Collins of *The Boston Globe* landed on him in print, reminding him that American women had been emancipated. Jock stuffed the Collins column into a drawer where he keeps memorahilia, but each time he reread it his teeth began to gnash. His capacity for rage huilds relentlessly, like a volcano's. Eight months and countless expletives later he erupted, tearing the column to shreds.

Then there was the neat-looking, blueeyed hlonde whom Jock refers to as "the Gihh dame." Roberta Gibh doesn't bother with a numher. She simply pops onto the course and hegins to run and, admittedly, she runs very well. She came on last year in a Paisley hlouse with mandarin collar, as if she were modeling at a Ritz-Carlton luncheon. One marathoner confessed that he trailed her for eight miles, unahle to tear away from the sight of "those lovely, lovely legs."

"Who's she kiddin'?" Jock bellows, unswayed by Miss Gibh's charms. "She runs in leotards and all that. Why doon't she run in women's events? She never does. This Gibb dame doon't run in anythin'!"

Jock himself ran in the Boston Marathon for years, hut after the 1949 race, at age 46, he decided that his responsibilities as a marathon official precluded proper training. This is not to say he took to a hammock. At 8:30 a.m. Boston Garden is a cold, drafty cavern where workmen sweep the hockey ice and clean up around the seats, oblivious to a solitary, sweat-suited figure, Jock, who pads along a concrete aisle 17 rows up from the ice, circling the arena again and again until he has run his daily mile and a half. Only then does he repair to his place of husiness, which lies at the end of a dingy second-floor corridor in an office-building annex to the Garden.

There, the door opens onto an office crammed with a couple of old wooden desks, a few filing cabinets and hundreds of musty trophies—bell-shaped, kettle-shaped, lamppost-shaped trophies, mugs, statuettes, loving cups. The morning sun pours through two huge windows that are partially covered by yellow hlinds patched with masking tape, and when the MBTA elevated screeches past the windows the glass rattles perilously and the visitor's head throhs. The office leads to another room, one that is shaped like a mail slot and is not much larger. Three rubdown tahles, a diathermy machine, a whirlpool and two heat lamps somehow have heen jammed into this recess, to say nothing of a steam

continued

KATHY S BOY FRIEND, BURLY HAMMER THROWER TOM MILLER (390), RETALIATES WITH SHOULDER BLOCK THAT KNOCKS SEMPLE AWAY





cabinet and shower stall located on a tiny balcony overhead. Jock Semple's business card says he is a registered physical therapist and, as almost every professional athlete and sporting type in Boston knows, he is one of the nation's few remaining great masseurs, an expert practitioner of the dying art of hand manipulation. In the morning he wedges his lunch—a meat-loaf sandwich and a thermos of coffee—behind a radiator to keep it warm, and then the Salon de Slobs, as Jock's one-man clinic has been called, is open for business.

"A lot of characters—old fighters and old runners—go there," says Clif Keane, the caustic sportswriter of *The Boston Globe*. "Jock throws them into a big pot of steam and cooks them. I don't think he goes too heavy for those newfangled machines. Every once in a while, when I wasn't feeling well, I'd go in and let him give me a punch in the back, but the day he grilled a cheese sandwich on the radiator, that was enough for me."

Administering a rubdown, Jock frequently can be found stabbing and grinding vertebrae with one hand while holding a telephone receiver in the other, for he is besieged the year round by marathon pretenders phoning to inquire about the procedure for entering the big race. "One thing you just might do," Jock shouts into the phone, "is try runnin' 26 miles t' see if you can. . . . Oh, y'know y'can, do ya? Well, then, tell me, what kind of time you plannin' to do the marathon in. . . ? Two-ten! Did you say *two-ten?*" Jock's face goes red. Dave McKenzie smashed the course record last year by doing two hours, 15 minutes and 45 seconds. "Well, forget the whole thing, 'cause yer not worthy o' the event, and we doon't want t' hear anymore o' yer crap!" Jock slams down the receiver, nearly breaking it in two.

"These screwballs! These weirdies!" he cries at the ceiling. "These MIT boys! These Tufts characters! These Harvard guys! They write me askin' should they put on spiked shoes for the marathon!" Actually, besides the genuine contenders, the field includes a sizable pool of masochistic exercise fiends—business executives, physicians, Ph.D.s and a gaunt magazine editor or two. Happy to accommodate those who train seriously, Jock waves a letter from an Oregon surgeon, a man in his 60s, who reports that in training he has taken two 26-mile runs at altitudes up to 7,000 feet. "He's one o' the few who sends me a stamped, self-addressed envelope for an entry blank," Jock notes. But the smart alecks and fatsos quickly return him to a boil. "Potbellies?" he rages. "You should see 'em. Some of 'em take six hours t' run the course. I once walked it in four and a half!"



PHYSIOTHERAPIST SEMPLE HARD AT WORK

Up the corridor from the Salon de Slobs, a door opens into the tidy offices of the Boston Celtics. Seated as usual behind a cigar, General Manager Red Auerbach takes a dim view of the commotion raging down the hall. He is for throwing the whole lot of the marathon people—Semple, the weirdies, the serious road runners, every last one of them—into the loony bin. "What's this race prove?" Auerbach growls. "So you prove you can run a long time, so what? If you're running to keep in shape, run two miles maybe. O.K. But this! Twenty-six miles! You gotta be a nut."

Auerbach is no stranger to the race, simply because until a few years ago the finish line was at the Hotel Lenox, where he resides during basketball season. For want of anything better to do, he would stand at a window or go down to the front door and watch the finishers stagger in. As a professional who has spent a lifetime making a dollar from sports, the sight appalled him.

"I used to stand there saying, 'What the hell is this?' " The trophies and medals that went to the first 35 finishers struck Auerbach as a pitiful day's pay. "And all those other bastards ran for nothing. They ran 26 miles for a cup of beef stew, a cupcake and a glass of milk! It didn't make sense.

"I followed them into the hotel once," Auerbach goes on. "I was curious to have a look, figuring they'd have a special chef behind a great big pile of steaming stew. Well, they were pouring it out of *cans*. It was canned beef stew! It was goddamned *canned* beef stew. I couldn't believe it."

Since the finish line was moved in 1965, the road runners have been fed homemade stew in the employees' cafeteria of Prudential Tower. Moreover, Boston AA Meet Director Will Cloney points out in rebuttal to Auerbach that even when the stew was canned it was Dinty Moore's. Snaps Cloney, "Bart Starr says the Green Bay Packers train on Dinty Moore's." O.K., but Auerbach still would like to know why it is that after the marathon winner has practically killed himself running for more than two hours Jock Semple must hit him with a blanket at the finish line, then scoop him up like a sack of oats and drag him into the building for his physical checkup. "The guy runs 26 miles, and here he is, grabbed," Auerbach says. "Semple feels this is his function."

Suddenly Auerbach's voice mellows as he strives to find a good word for the marathon. "I would say that it's the last of the amateur sports—I mean the real amateur sports, where a guy don't even get expenses—and you gotta like a guy like Semple who's associated so wholeheartedly with something where a guy don't get a dime. I've seen runners come over here from Japan three, four days before the race and pay for a hotel room, then run the meet, then get their beef stew and then turn right around and go home. Unbelievable! Now a lot of people laughed at that situation where Jock went after that girl last year, but *I* didn't. The Boston Marathon is a big part of that man's life. He didn't want a mockery made of something he believes so strongly in."

As foolish as it may seem to those of us whose conception of exertion is a

continued

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trip out the back door with the evening garbage, the most exhilarating times of Jock Semple's life have been those spent charging across a meadow, plowing through thickets and splashing across a stream, or else, as in the marathon, pounding down a concrete highway. At the age of 14, when he worked nine hours a day at the Singer Sewing Machine plant in Clydebank, he ran his first race in a factory track meet. Two thousand Scotsmen cheered while Jock, clad in a bathing suit, raced to victory in the 100-yard dash. "Big Semple!" they cried. At 14 he had almost attained his full growth, 5' 8", so in a land of diminutive people he came to be known as Big Semple of Clydebank.

"I was terrible with the asthma," Jock says. Five-mile cross-country races, he discovered, were tonic for his ailment. "They were a social outin', too. We used to start from the public baths 'n' run through plowed fields, over ditches 'n' dikes, through streams that were swollen up t' yer knees. Oh, it was grand bein' out there in the fresh air every Sa'urday, and sometimes the more prosperous harrier clubs had a clubhouse and they'd have a cup o' tea and a couple o' cakes waitin' when y' came in."

At a suggestion from his father, Jock departed the hard times of Scotland when he was 19 and spent seven years in Philadelphia working as a carpenter in the shipyards and in the construction industry. But it was in Boston—on April 19, 1930—that he experienced a moment of ecstasy that he would not have thought possible. James Semple, an older brother, had settled in Lynn, Mass., and now Jock's mother was visiting in Lynn. So he hitchhiked there to see her, and while he was at it he entered the Boston Marathon.

About halfway through the race Jock found himself galloping along the highway in Wellesley and, to his great astonishment, he held a position near the head of the pack. He was matching strides with the stars—six-time winner Clarence DeMar, known as Mr. DeMar-athon; John C. Miles, the dauntless Nova Scotian; Willie Kryonen and Karl Koski, the flashing Finns. Jock was running ninth, and now, in Wellesley, he was passing the great Hinky Henigan to take eighth place. From the roadside the college girls applauded him, and a lump rose to his throat. Never had he known a moment like this.

His mother was at the finish line to see him come in seventh. "So that was it," says Jock. "I knew I had t' stay in Boston. I got a job as a locker-room boy for $11 a week." In two decades of trying he never again finished as high as seventh, but he always felt it a privilege to run with the dedicated. There were no Kathy Switzers or Gibb dames to sully the day.

The upshot of all Jock's running was that in World War II a Navy corpsman tried to reject him because of flat feet. "What the hell're y' talkin' about?" Jock roared. "These feet cover 3,500 miles a year!" The Navy immediately reversed its decision. And a good thing, too, because, with the GI Bill, Jock was able to get a diploma in 1947 from the Massachusetts School of Physiotherapy and become a noisy institution at the Boston Garden. Besides treating flabby businessmen ("Thank the Lord, a cash customer!" Jock cries when one walks through the door), he served for 18 years as trainer for visiting teams in the National Basketball Association. Though he sat on the visitors' bench, he would root silently for the Celtics, pausing from time to time to chase children off the floor or shout at a critical fan, "Keep quiet!" On one occasion, after a referee had ejected Red Auerbach from a Boston-Syracuse game, Jock could not contain himself. He flew down the court to where Supervisor of Referees Jocko Collins sat and demanded that Paul Seymour, the Syracuse coach, whose team Jock was serving, also be thrown out.

"Collins was furious," says Cliff Keane, and at half time, in the corridor outside the Syracuse dressing room, he retaliated. "Collins had hold of Semple," says Keane, "and the two refs, Sid Borgia and Billy Smith, were trying to get their turn. They were at him like three Saint Bernards on a meal. I had to do a Big Daddy Lipscomb and peel them off."

Another night, when the Rochester Royals had blown a close game to the Celtics, Owner-Coach Les Harrison stormed into the Royals' dressing room, ordered everyone but players out and slammed the door with all his might. "At that very instant," Keane remembers, "here comes Jock Semple, singing *Roamin' in the Gloamin'*, or some fool thing, and carrying a tray of cups filled with orange juice." The orange juice went flying, and the tray crashed into Jock's face, slashing open his forehead. "He

continued



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was all cut up," says Keane, "but he was shouting murderous threats at Harrison. The windup was that the Royals almost had to fight a guy who was half bleeding to death."

Over the years the word spread through Boston that any man who had not been to the Salon de Slobs for "the works" (which consists of hotbox, whirlpool and a rubdown, after which Jock seizes one's head in both hands and makes the neck pop like a cracker being broken) had not experienced the world's best hangover cure. Furthermore, collegiate and professional athletes began sneaking off to Jock whenever their own trainers could not cure their sore muscles or when they wanted to keep ailments a secret from their coaches lest they be benched. Gene Conley, who used to pitch big-league baseball from April through September and then report to the Boston Celtics for basketball, says he managed the transition only because of Jock's tyranny.

"I'd have only a week to 10 days to get in shape for all the running and jumping you do in basketball," Conley says. "Jock would run me four or five miles, setting the pace himself. Then he'd give my legs a whirlpool treatment, and after that he'd rub me down and let me sleep for a few hours. And then he'd have me up for another four or five miles of running. I'd be three weeks behind the others in training, but in a week or so Jock would have me in pretty good shape."

Jock's miniclinic provides him and his wife Betty (a lass who came from Alva in Clackmannanshire) with no more than a meager living, and it would be even slimmer were it not that he works seven days a week and occasionally resorts to his Scotsman's instincts. "I once sent three players to him," says Red Auerbach. "He sent me a bill, but then he had second thoughts and sent me a laundry bill for three sheets that the players had dirtied. I said, 'Hell, why didn't you put in a bill for the heat and water while you were at it?' " On the other hand, hundreds of injured high school athletes have passed through Jock's skillful hands without charge, and he loses cash customers every time he chauffeurs his Boston AA team to a meet. The late Walter Brown, who was president of Boston Garden, long ago imparted to Jock a tenet that guides him: "We can't be pros every minute of our lives."

For Jock, money is only a means by which to live, but the Boston Marathon is his life. "To me, it's sacred," he says. "I know what it is t' train for it 'n' suffer. I can't stand for them weirdies to make a joke out of it." On Marathon Day, Jock arises at 6 a.m. and drives to Prudential Center, carrying a trunkload of checkpoint signs in his car. He distributes the signs to aides heading out to post them, and soon he starts herding the army of marathon runners into buses for the trip to the starting pen in Hopkinton. Tramping through the buses, he seizes stowaways—spectators hitching a ride to the starting line—and bellows, "Out, y' bum! Out! Out! Out!" Following the runners to Hopkinton, he crashes into the pen, screaming at the milling sheep, as he calls them. He herds the top 25 runners to the front, ahead of "the morning glories who want to flash out and get in the newsreel." And he pauses at the sight of a flabby Harvard boy and snarls, "Y' couldn't get across the street wi'out help."

Serenaded by such niceties, the noonday sun—or noonday rain—descends on Hopkinton. At 12 o'clock the gun sounds. Jock hops into the press bus, where Will Cloney greets him with a lecture. "Now take it easy, Jock. Be quiet. Don't get excited." The lecture makes an impression for perhaps three or four miles, by which time Jock has had his fill of jokers running in straw hats and assorted costumes. With a shriek, he clambers down from the bus and bounds after them. "He hurls not only his body at them," Cloney says, "but also a rather choice array of epithets, which fortunately are made indistinguishable by his burr."

Jock's method of attack is apt to vary, as on the day a few years ago when he trotted alongside a contestant who wore an Uncle Sam suit, complete with high hat, and carried an ad for storm windows on his back. Jock, lugging a tray in one hand, matched him stride for stride, dashing his face with cups of water.

Alas, Jock's sorties have not always been successful. One rainy day, as the 1957 marathon proceeded through Framingham—the 6.5-mile mark—Jock made a flying tackle at a runner wearing webbed snorkeler's shoes and a grotesque mask. He missed and splashed face down in a gutter. To make matters worse, meet officials were barely able to

dissuade the Framingham police from arresting him for attempted assault on the runner.

"The thing that made me so *damned* mad," Jock explains, "was that the guy was runnin' with the good runners."

In the 1961 marathon one of Jock's own Boston AA runners, Johnny Kelley, was dueling neck and neck for the lead with Englishman Fred Norris and a Finnish detective named Eino Oksanen, when a black mongrel that had been nipping at Kelley's heels ruined his chances by tripping him. Enraged, Jock flew at the dog and lashed out with a swift kick. He missed. The dog went off happily, while Jock repaired to the press bus and begged reporters not to mention the incident lest they bring the SPCA down on his head. "So John Gillooly put in his column," Jock sighs, "that 'Jock Semple was asked what kind of dog it was that he tried to kick, and Jock said it was a son of a bitch.' "

All right, put down Jock Semple as a trifle infra dig, if you will, but be aware that without the likes of him road races up and down the Eastern Seaboard would be in trouble. For it is not only his own marathon that he nurses. Whether it be the New England 25-Kilometer Championship or the Yonkers Marathon or a five-mile race through a Maine village, Jock is there, shouting, grinding his teeth, arguing with traffic cops, chasing off small boys on bicycles and all the while seeing to it that the race gets run. Bob McVeigh, controller of a Boston department store and a member of the Boston AA team, puts his finger on the problem that bedevils these races. "A lot of the officials are well-meaning, but they may be directing their first race," McVeigh says. "Jock is the guy who gets things straightened out." At the Yonkers Marathon, for example, he darts ahead of the runners in his car, blasting away on his horn, demanding a clear road. Stop the world, he seems to cry, there's a race coming through! "If a President's funeral were coming from the opposite direction," says another of his runners, John Linscott, "Jock would make it back off."

This year Jock expected some 300 weirdies to show up for the race, but at least K. Switzer was staying home. She is engaged to Tom Miller, the hammer thrower who blasted Jock off the course last year, and Miller, who aspires to make the U.S. Olympic team, does not care to anger the AAU. He therefore asked his fiancée to please stay away from Boston. Roberta Gibb, meanwhile, is living in California and at last word was not headed East. Jock himself, still smarting from last year's notoriety, vowed to stay put in the press bus this time. His friends hoped that he meant it. "Why he hasn't been killed in the marathon," says Edward J. (Eddie) Powers, president of the Boston Garden, "I just don't know."

But Powers, an all-out admirer of Semple, enjoys speaking at length to define him. He concludes, "Jock is the True Amateur. You've *got* to have a guy like him." END



A Spring Classic Of Urbane Sport

Rich green against the haze of nearby hills, this handsome sweep of Tennessee land outside Nashville is the scene of the Iroquois Steeplechase, high point of the spring social season and climax of the hunt-racing calendar. Part of a week that is a lively mixture of horsey events and opulent hospitality, the big race is named in honor of the first American-bred to win the English Derby. Pierre Lorillard's Iroquois, who was later retired to stud near Nashville. It differs from most steeplechases in that it is run over brush instead of timber, and the entire eight-event card of Iroquois day is for amateur riders only. Traditionally, hunt meetings are held on private acreage of the sport's enthusiasts, but this one is raced in a public park that boasts a natural amphitheater, and all obstacles are visible to spectators sitting in boxes terraced into the hillside or picnicking on the crest. On May 11 the gallery at Percy Warner Park will gaze over the infield and follow the riders' colors across a soft spring landscape.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK





In a festive caicutta on the eve of the race, John Sloan, Iroquois' vice-president, auctions horses during dinner at Belle Meade.



Patrol judges gather in front of the stand before the big race, which was won by Appollon, leading (below) on the outside.





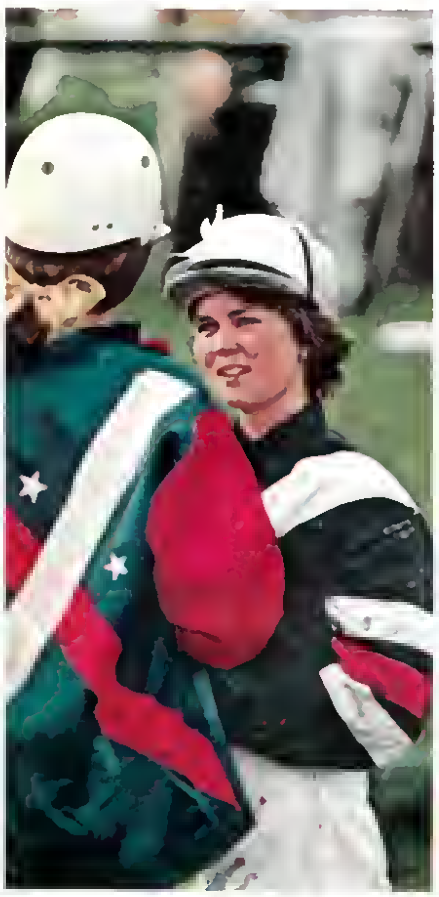
At the Hunt Ball that evening, Mrs. Paul Mountcastle (left) entertains guests from Albany, Ga., Mr. and Mrs. Richard Tift.

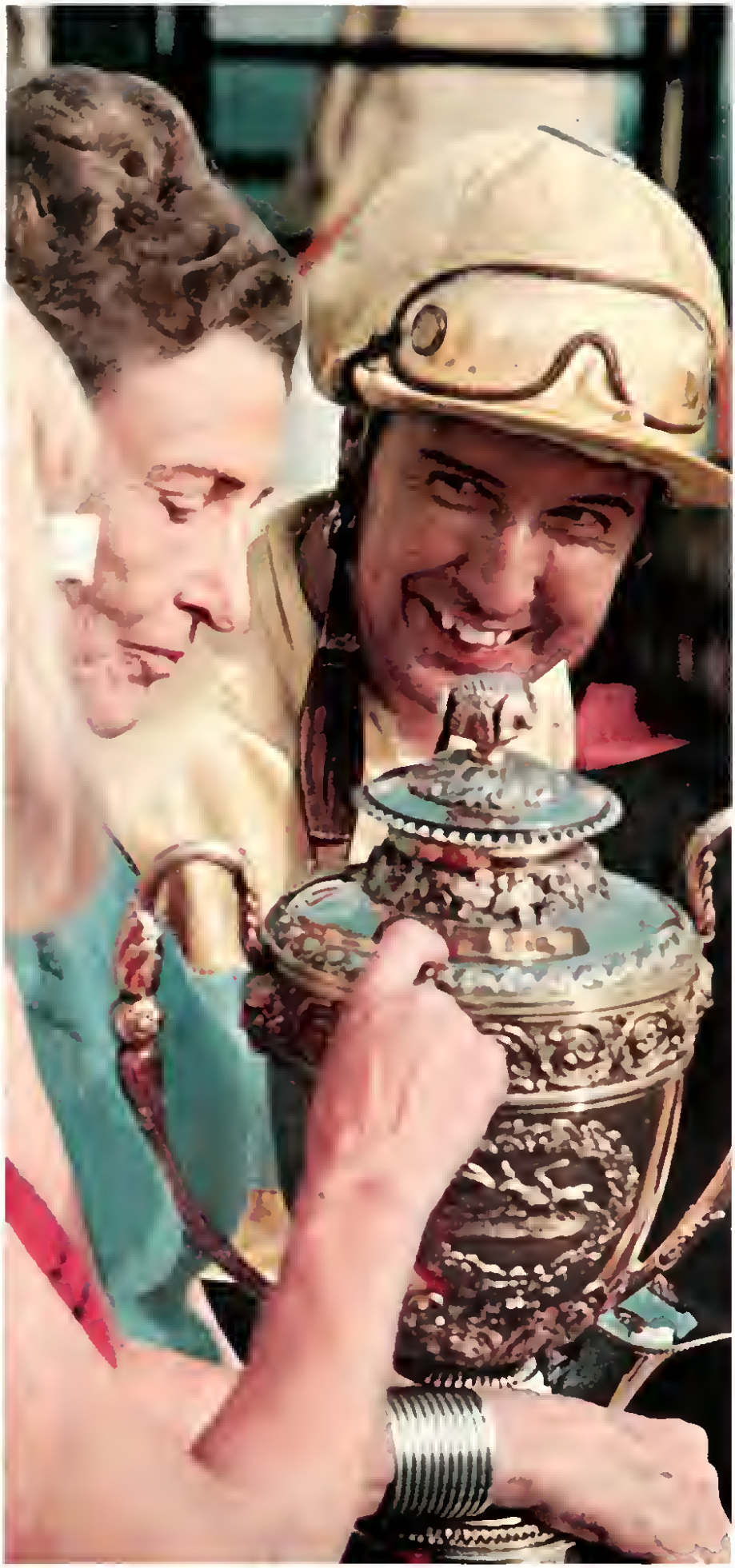


Lunch is served in the Mountcastles' garden the following day. The quail were shot by the hostess on her Georgia plantation.









Scarlet Tails and a Brunch for 500

Perhaps no sport is ever quite so inundated in elegant and seemingly endless tides of parties as that picturesque old competition, hunt racing. And when the race happens to be Nashville's Iroquois Steeplechase, the festivities and the frivolity reach peaks of exuberance and frequency that are rarely matched elsewhere.

As such events go, the Iroquois is not terribly old; it was first run in 1941. But it comes by its social standing honestly, for its antecedent in the Nashville area was the Grasslands International Steeplechase, sponsored by a Corinthians' hunt club of the same name which charged a $10,000 membership fee, demanded that men always wear tails in the dining room and awarded competitive cups contributed by such sportsmen as the Duke of Beaufort and the King of Spain. After the market crashed in 1929, so did the Grasslands hunt club, but a couple of hardy ex-members and some wealthy farmers managed to maintain hounds, horses and hunting in the pastures outside Nashville despite the Depression. Eventually they formed a more modest hunt club. Soon influential members made an arrangement in Washington whereby federal funds became available to build a fine racecourse, designed by Willie du Pont and constructed by the WPA.

And there the Iroquois has been run 26 times now—each one amid a round of drinking, dancing and dining that threatens to make the race incidental. The night before last year's Iroquois there was a dinner at Belle Meade Country Club, a kind of social trumpet call to the weekend. The Belle Meade affair was preceded by dozens of cozy private parties, and many arrived at the country club with a head start on cocktails. After dinner came the Iroquois calcutta auction. John Sloan, a vice-president of the Iroquois and chief auctioneer for the event, looked pleased as he studied the entries; there were 11. "Once," he said, "we had only three and they were all local. The parties were a bigger fixture than the race that year." In the auction horses were sold for as high as $2,000, and after it was over, most bidders moved on to other parties to wind up the first night.

There was no noticeable slowdown by full morning light, which introduced such lavish prerace affairs as the brunch for 500 at the estate of Calvin Houghland, owner of two former Iroquois winners. It was raining, and many guests surged into the house, but quite a number gathered under tents pitched near the kidney-shaped pool. Waiters served drinks with an elaborate breakfast—creamed turkey, Canadian bacon, grits, curried eggs, fruit aspic, hot biscuits, Danish pastry. Watching the crowd wash into the house from the rain-drenched grounds, John Sloan said to Houghland, "I am worried about your rugs." Houghland replied, "Oh, you know those old Orientals; nothing hurts them."

The Houghland breakfast broke up about 2 in the afternoon, and as everyone headed for the racecourse the sun suddenly came out. The brilliant green turf was soggy but not dangerous, and after girl outriders, mounted sidesaddle, had led the horses onto the track, the afternoon's eight races began. The program included events for ponies and quarter horses, a timber race, a parade of the Hillsboro Hounds, a ladies' race—and, finally, the Iroquois, three miles over 18 jumps. The crowd cheered from the permanent box seats built into the hillsides as Appollon, an Irish-bred newcomer to the Iroquois owned by William Rochester of Warrenton, Va., took the lead at the end of the second mile. Houghland's Walker Cay made a mild bid but he was not able to pull alongside. Appollon never faltered to the finish, and so ended the Iroquois Steeplechase—but not the parties.

First there was a little *après*-race get-together at the Guilford Dudleys' white-columned mansion. Beside a pool a Meyer Davis combo played dance music and, in the adjacent garden, a table groaned beneath a ranch-size load of roast beef. "Even Louisville at Derby time doesn't come up to the parties here," admitted a Kentucky-bred guest.

Next on the calendar was the official post-Iroquois ball, back at Belle Meade. At one point a horse van pulled up under the porte cochere; it was packed with people sitting at a fully equipped bar. The loading ramp dropped and, as pages in red jackets and white knee breeches stood by to help, the formally attired occupants leisurely swallowed the dregs of their drinks and strode out of the van and into the country club. Inside, the ballroom tables were covered with scarlet cloth and lit by gold candelabra entwined with red carnations. Some men wore scarlet hunt tails and a few favored kilts; their ladies were in floor-length gowns, and they danced until dawn.

—Alice Higgins

Iroquois day kept the ladies busy. Gigi Banks and Genevieve Farris (top, left) acted as outriders; Betty Moran, flat race winner, consoled Malissa Williams, who was second; Appollon's owner, Mrs. William Rochester, accepted the challenge trophy.

THE GREAT GIANT-DODGER DAYS



DODGER HERO IN '56, MAGLIE IS HUGGED BY GIL HODGES AFTER WIN OVER BRAVES

For The Barber, who learned how to cut the corners and shave the batters as an outlaw in Mexico, there was never anything quite like the torrid New York rivalry

by SAL MAGLIE
with ROBERT H. BOYLE

I thought I had finally made it to the majors. In the 1945 season, after I was called up from Jersey City to the Giants, I won five, lost four, I had three shutouts, one of them against the Pirates. I never threw the spitter, but Preacher Roe, who was then with Pittsburgh, sure did. He admitted it after he retired, but I knew it at the time. Once when the writers asked me about the spitter I said, "Well, I don't throw it. I know one pitcher who throws it a lot. I won't tell you who he is, but his first name is spelled P-r-e-a-c-h-e-r." He was sore as hell about that.

Dolf Luque was a Giant coach during the '45 season. He liked the way I pitched, and I liked Luque. He was going to manage Cienfuegos in the winter league in Cuba, and he suggested that I play for him so I would be ready when the '46 season began. I was thought of as a "wartime" player, and I wanted to show that I could produce, so I agreed. With Kay, my wife, I went down to Cuba. She was a wonderful woman. She'd watch me pitch and never say a word. We never talked baseball at home, except once. After a bad call I threw my glove down on the mound, and I was thrown out of the game. She told me later, "Sal, that was hush. You should never act like that again." I never did.

I won nine ball games that winter for Cienfuegos, and we beat Almendares, the big rival, for the championship. This was when I began working high inside

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on the hitters. Luque believed in protecting the plate, and I became a believer, too.

While I was playing Cuban ball, Bernardo Pasquel made me an offer to play in the Mexican League he and his brother Jorge had just started. Both millionaires, they were raiding the majors for ballplayers and wanted their league to be as good, if not better, than the National and American Leagues. But I wanted to pitch for the Giants, said no and turned Bernardo down. Besides, the offer wasn't that much more than what New York was paying me.

Some players made good money jumping to the Mexican League, but from the beginning I knew I had no name and wouldn't be worth much to the Pasquels. Anyway I was confident that I could make it with the Giants and went to camp in Florida with them. I pitched five innings in one game and struck out seven. And then I never got a chance to pitch again—not even batting practice. Mel Ott was the manager. Maybe he didn't like me. I never asked him, but Ott was noted for having his likes and dislikes. He was a doghouse manager, and I guess I was in his doghouse.

Danny Gardella, who had been with the Giants, was already in Mexico, and he called me in my room. "How about coming down?" he asked. When I said no he asked me if I could get him a shortstop, a second baseman and a first baseman. I agreed to do that and still had no intention of going myself until I had talked George Hausmann and Roy Zimmerman into it. By then, since I wasn't getting a chance to pitch anyway, I decided to go to Mexico. The Giants were furious. I still believe that if Mel Ott had talked to me I might not have left, but I'm not sorry I went. I really learned to pitch in Mexico.

I was assigned to the club in Puebla, a cute little city 7,000 feet up in the Sierra Madre. For the first 10 days the Pasquels had guards tailing me. The major leagues had ruled that if we jumpers hadn't returned from Mexico by April 16 we would be barred for life from organized ball. With Vern Stephens having already defected back, the Pasquels weren't about to lose any more players.

Luque was my manager in Puebla. I won my first games easily, and then I didn't win a game for another month. I couldn't figure out what was going wrong until I began to pay closer attention to the different climate conditions in Mexico. Puebla and Mexico City were both over 7,000. Veracruz and Tampico were down on the coast. Tampico, in fact, was hot as hell. You could take a dozen showers there and still not cool off. We stayed in a hotel that must have been a warehouse. I'd get so tired there I'd walk seven or eight in a game. The ball park was crazy. A train track ran through the outfield, and when a train had to go by the game stopped, a gate opened in right field, the train chugged across center field and then out through a gate in left. I remember one game we lost when a line drive whacked against one of the rails and sailed back over a fielder's head. Curves, I discovered, broke wickedly in the moist atmosphere of the low country. Throw them the same way in the light air of the mountains and they would hang. I knew plenty about using atmospheric differences when I got back to the majors.

It was tough for me at first. Since my curveball wouldn't break in high altitude, Luque, who taught me to think about pitching, had me use my fastball. It always had moved. In fact, Birdie Tebbetts once told me that if he were hitting against me he'd hope to get a curve. My fastball moved in and sank on a right-handed hitter and it was hard for him to pick up. Of course, it was a bad pitch to throw to a lefty.

In Mexico I also shortened up on my curveball so that it broke when it was almost on top of the plate. I held it with two fingers apart, and when I let the ball go all four seams would go spinning toward the plate. I found that I could get three different curveballs, breaking across, breaking down and breaking out, depending on when I released the pitch. These were my living when I went back to the majors.

Once Luque got me throwing the fastball, I started throwing hard to snap my curves and I did all right for Puebla. When I beat Mexico City or Veracruz, the big clubs in the league, the fans would put me on their shoulders and carry me out of the ball park. Naturally, I wasn't popular everywhere. In one game Roberto Ortiz, who played in the majors, hit a homer off me. I was always embarrassed when that happened, but Ortiz annoyed me because he was laughing as he ran around the bases. I told him, "Ortiz, you'll never do that again. Whenever I see you you're going down." I kept my promise. Every time I pitched against him I flattened him. If he said anything he went down again. He didn't do any more laughing. He didn't hit another homer either.

I pitched in the Mexican League for two years, was 20 and 12 in '46, 21 and 13 in '47 and then the league broke up. It was costing too much money. All us refugees were out of jobs. Since we were barred from organized ball we formed a club of our own, the Max Lanier All-Stars, and played 81 games all over the U.S. We won them all. I pitched, played the outfield and first base. But we didn't make any money. In Des Moines we were barred. Organized baseball said we were outlaws, and anyone who let us use a field could be barred, too. We'd kid each other about being outlaws, but we were serious about one point: at least, we told ourselves, we'd helped baseball. And we did, with the pension and all that. I'm qualified for the pension right now. Time flies.

In the fall of '48 I came back home to Niagara Falls and opened a gas station at 56th and Pine. But I wanted to get back into ball, anything to get away from those pumps. The next year I landed a job with Drummondville in the Provincial League, an outlaw league in Canada. Vic Power was there. So were Alex Carrasquel and a lot of fellows from Cuba. We won the championship, and I won 23 ball games. It was while I was at Drummondville that I learned that the Mexican League guys had been reinstated. I was pitching in the fifth inning of a game when I got a phone call telling me that I could come back to New York.

I was 33 when I reported in 1950 to the Giant training camp in Arizona. It felt good to be back, but I knew that it might just be a formality, that they'd give us outlaws a month—just long enough to be legally safe should the Government try to use us to break the re-

continued

serve clause. They did that with a few but, though Lanier hung on for a while with the Cardinals, I'm the only one who really stayed around. I pitched another nine years in the majors.

In Arizona I caught Durocher's eye right away. The first day the Giants called out seven or eight pitchers to work off the mound. I wasn't among them, but I went out anyway. Later, at a meeting in the clubhouse, Leo welcomed back the boys from Mexico and said to me, "I'm very happy to have you. I see you want to pitch." Durocher was tough like Luque and, like Luque, he always taught. He didn't hold it against me because I had played in the Mexican League. He gave me a real chance. The only guys, in fact, who said anything were a couple of the Pirates, who shouted one day, "Hey, you Mexican jumping bean!" I told them that I'd get them.

The Giants figured I was a reliever because of my age and the fact that I could get the ball over. I did a good job relieving in spring training, but when the season began I was not good. Why I don't know. I was shelved for a while, but the inaction got to me. Finally I went to Leo. "I'm doing something wrong," I told him, "and I want to pitch batting practice." He let me, and suddenly I started getting the corners. We were playing Boston that day and already were losing 3–0 in the first. There were two men on and two out when I got the call. I held the Braves to one run for the next 6⅓ innings.

By July I was a starting pitcher. In a game with St. Louis I walked two, gave up 11 hits and shut the Cards out 3–0. For that performance Jim McCulley of the New York *Daily News* nicknamed me Sal the Barber. "How come?" I asked McCulley. Because I shaved the plate and came close to the hitters, he said. I didn't mind the name. In fact, it added to my reputation. If the hitters wanted to think I was going to shave them within an inch of the jugular vein, so much the better.

I wound up the year, my first full one in the majors, with a record of 18 and 4. Two of the losses came in the 12th and 13th innings. We finished third that year, and the next year '51, we were picked to win the pennant. But early in the season we lost 11 straight games, and there were jokes about the Giants.

There were no jokes about the Dodgers, who had *won* 10 straight at one point and were that many ahead of us almost from the start. I won my first ball game that year against Brooklyn. As it turned out, that was something, because in 1951 any win over the Dodgers was going to be big. For me, though, any win over the Dodgers any year was big. Not that I was bad against them. The truth is I always did well when I faced Brooklyn. In all my career I think I only lost one game at Ebbets Field. But there was a special feeling about Giant-Dodger games in those days. They were great, exciting games, no matter what the standing of the clubs. The fans were wonderful. There was more excitement, for me anyway, in a Giant-Dodger game than in a World Series. There was never anything like it. I felt it. I was all keyed up. It didn't matter if one team got five runs in the first inning. Something was going to happen.

Of course, I was hated in Brooklyn. At Ebbets Field they booed at me, yelled at me and I loved it. The whole scene made me competitive. The first time Campanella would come to bat I'd put the ball about two feet over his head. Down he'd go, and all the Dodgers would start screaming. They'd get so damn angry that they'd try to kill me with home runs. Be the big heroes—and they'd break their backs swinging at bad balls. They didn't get anything. I had their number.

The Dodger fans would go crazy. The Giant fans loved it, especially if I put the horse collar on Jackie Robinson. But Campy was my special project. I always started him high and inside, and then I'd set him up to hit the breaking ball, which he couldn't hit. I had pitched against Campy before he was in organized ball. That was in Welland, Ont.—when he was with the Baltimore Elite Giants—and I struck him out four times. When I came back to the Giants I said to him, "Hey, remember me?" He said, "Sure do. Welland, Ontario."

I threw Carl Furillo breaking stuff. Gil Hodges, too. Duke Snider just got those low curveballs in the dirt, and that was the end of him. Too bad he didn't know the strike zone.

For Robinson, I had to use the changeup and mix up the pitches. I think he would have been a better hitter had he gone to the opposite field against me. Robinson held his arms high. When I wanted to move him back I'd throw at his left elbow instead of aiming under his chin, as I did with most batters. I think he batted the way he did because he couldn't hit the inside pitch. When he was rambunctious or lively—stepping out of the box, asking to see the ball—

continued



MAGLIE AND ZIMMERMAN OUTSIDE GIANT CLUBHOUSE BEFORE LEAVING FOR MEXICO

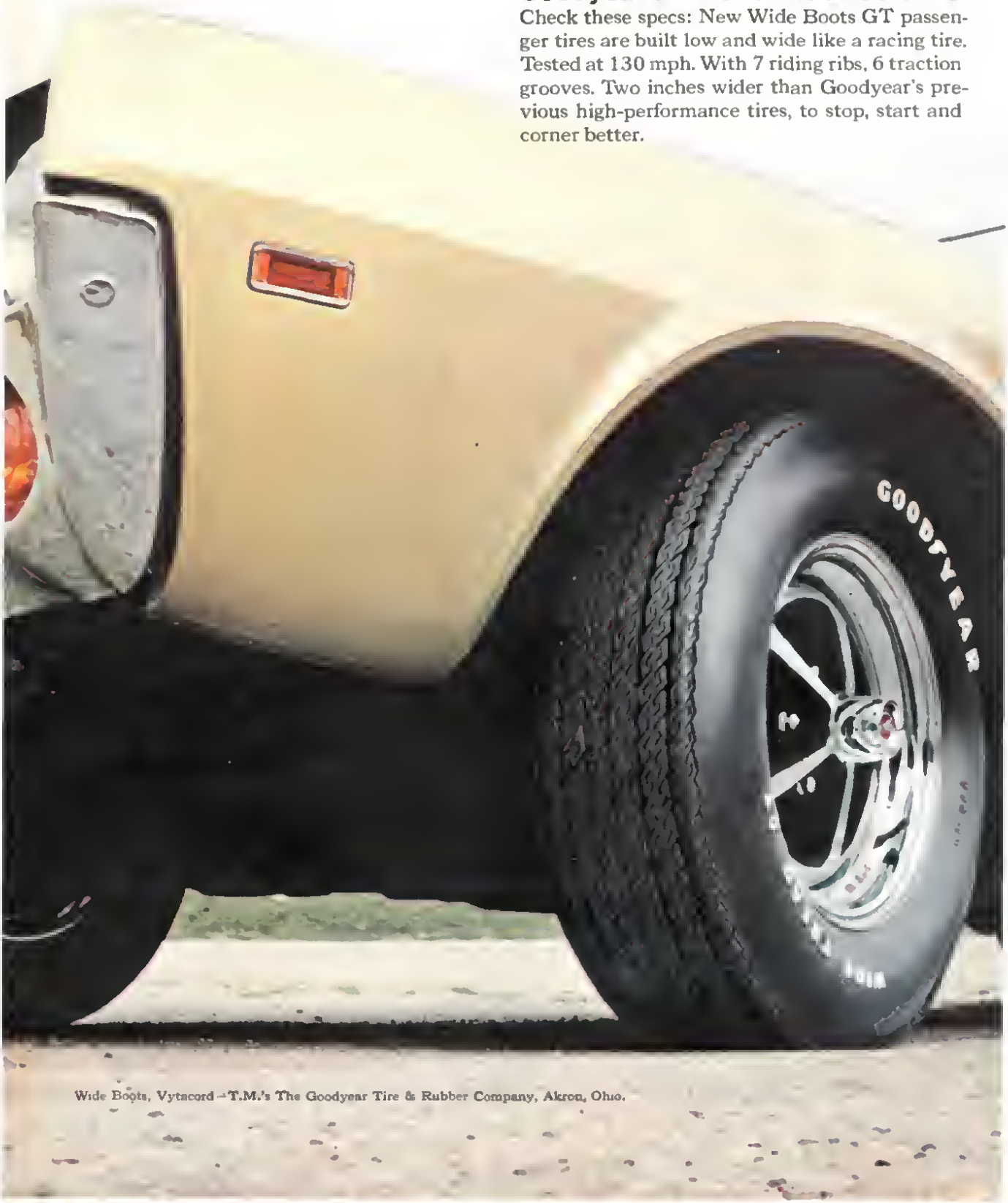
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you had to fight him, move him back. But if he was quiet, well, I say let a sleeping dog lie.

One way for a hitter to bat against a pitcher like me is to shorten up and punch the ball to the opposite field. Pee Wee Reese, who gave me a bit of trouble, would do that. That's what the Red Sox should have done against Bob Gibson. You can't go up swinging for the fences against a Gibson. You have to punch the ball. Also, they should have bunted. Gibson's a good fielder, but he's way over to one side and not set for the bunt when he finishes his follow-through. I was always ready.

In August we were 13½ games behind the Dodgers, and I was having a tough time winning ball games. Leo called me to his office. "Sal," he said, "the front office says you're not bearing down." I resented that. "We got a chance to win second place," Leo said. Oh, really. Well, we won 16 straight games right after that, and we began to think of first place. I remember I was 9 and 2, and I was in Philadelphia clowning with Larry Jansen. "You catch up to me and we'll win the pennant," I said. We both won 23, Jansen getting his 23rd game when he relieved me in the playoff.

I won my 23rd on the next to last day, shutting out the Braves. We ended in a tie with the Dodgers the final day, and the playoff started Monday. Jim Hearn won the first game for us, Clem Labine won the second 10–0 for the Dodgers and I started the final game on Wednesday. The score was 1–1 going into the eighth, but the Dodgers got to me for three runs. I went out for a pinch hitter and Jansen relieved. I was up in the clubhouse with Horace Stoneham, the Giant owner. He told me, "Sal, you had a hell of a year. The game's not over yet. Have a beer." When Ralph Branca came in to relieve and Thomson hit the ball, the first thing that struck me was that the score was tied. I didn't think it was a homer. But it was. I picked up Stoneham and we danced around. He weighed more than 200 pounds.

In the World Series it looked as though we had the Yankees on the run. We won the first and third games. I was all set to pitch the fourth game, and I felt great. Then it rained. That rain not only threw me off stride—I was the sort of pitcher who had to go every fourth day like it was clockwork—but it gave me a chance to do a very foolish thing. The night before the game I loaded up on spaghetti and macaroni at an Italian restaurant, and when I went to pitch the next day against Allie Reynolds I was plain heavy. I couldn't establish my rhythm, and DiMaggio hit a hung curve off me for a homer. I gave up four runs in five innings to lose the game. The Yankees went on to take the next two. I hate to admit it, but to this day I believe I ate us out of that Series.

In 1952 it looked as if the Giants were going to go places, but we didn't. I wound up with an 18-8 record, which sounds good. But it wasn't what it could have been because I struggled through that season with a bad back. I started off great. I had nine wins in May. Then, in a game against the Cardinals, Wilmer Mizell hit me in the left elbow. Later, in the fifth inning, I heard something snap in my back. I left the game and went to the hospital, where I found that my left leg was three-quarters of an inch longer than the right one. I had gotten hurt when I put too much strain on my back near the right hip. They put me in traction for five days and later gave me a lift for my left shoe. I had trouble with the back for the rest of the year and for all of 1953.

In 1954, however, my back was all right, and I found I was getting to be an even better pitcher as I hated more and more to give up hits. We had a good year, and I pitched the pennant clincher against the Dodgers at Ebbets Field. I remember that game for two reasons. Before it Leo said, "Sal, you got anything to say to the boys?" "Yeah, Campanella's going down on the first pitch." He did. The other reason is that for the first time in my life I shaved before a game. I wanted to look nice. When I walked into the clubhouse Leo, who was very superstitious, was beside himself. "What the hell did you do that for?" he yelled at me. After I had won the game a photographer came to take my picture and I figured, great, at last the papers are going to get a decent picture of me. But this guy caught me in a dark light, with the whites of the eyes showing and a scowl on my face. I really looked sinister. The s.o.b. won a prize for that picture.

In the Series we met the Cleveland Indians, who were supposed to have one of the great ball clubs of all time. They had won 111 games, a record for an American League season. We beat them four straight. All except the last game were close. I started the second game against Bob Lemon. In the eighth, with the score 2–2, I was relieved by Don Liddle with men on first and second. Vic Wertz smacked the ball to deep center, but Willie Mays, the greatest player I have ever seen, made that historic catch and saved the game.

This was the Series where Dusty Rhodes was so hot as a pinch hitter. You have to give Durocher credit for that. While he was the gambling type of manager who would take chances, he also had things figured out two or three innings ahead. He knew Dusty Rhodes was a high-ball hitter, and he had him ready for the right pitchers. He was a tough manager, but he never carried a grudge. Whatever he said to someone in the clubhouse was forgotten. But could he talk. You always knew Leo was around.

The next year was my last with the Giants, who thought I was through, even though I had the best record on the team. I went to Cleveland in July on waivers. Before I left, Leo thanked me for all the help I'd given to the Giants over the years, but no one else from the ball club ever said a word to me.

I could have used some more kind words, because almost everything went wrong in Cleveland. I was working out of the bullpen, which is trouble enough, but I also didn't know the hitters in the league, and the American League umpires, unlike those in the National League who knew how I worked and would give me the corners when I had to come in there on the plate, gave me nothing. I finished with an 0-2 record.

The following spring I reported in good shape, expecting to prove I wasn't washed up. The trouble was the Indians—with Early Wynn, Mike Garcia, Don Mossi and Ray Narleski—had all the pitching they needed. It came down to me and Bob Feller, who for years *was* the Indians. I was the one to go. In mid-May I wound up with Brooklyn, of all teams, and for almost nothing. The Dodgers had had some deal with the Indians before, and Buzzie Bavasi, the general manager, took me instead of the $1,000 change. I don't care how cheaply they got me. That was the biggest and nicest break of my big-league career. I wouldn't have believed it—me the old Dodger hater—but I was made for Brooklyn and Brooklyn for me.

continued

You can hold your girl's hand for 15 minutes on the energy from 7 raisins. (Think what would happen if you never stopped eating them.)



To begin with, there was Walter Alston. He was a very different manager from Durocher—quiet, unassuming, pretty conservative. But, like Leo, he knew his players and he could be powerfully tough when he had to be, like the time when he locked himself in the clubhouse with Don Newcombe and asked, "Are you still refusing to pitch batting practice?" Newcombe said he'd be happy to pitch batting practice.

I pitched batting practice my first day, and a funny thing happened. With my first pitch I knocked Reese down. He got up and drew his hands across the letters. "Hey," he said, "we're on the same team, Dodgers." I told him it slipped. It had, but I could see that the other Dodgers were telling each other what a tough son-of-a-gun Mantle was, he even knocked his own teammates down.

Those were great days with the Dodgers. In fact, I got more of a kick out of them than I ever did in all my years with the Giants. All of a sudden I was the hero of the fans who used to boo me mercilessly. Giant fans were marvelous, but Dodger fans were better, possibly because I had come over from the other side. I got along fine with all the players, too. Robinson, Snider, Campy, Hodges, Pee Wee, Furillo, who was supposed to hate me, turned out to be my best friend. I used to talk pitching a lot with Sandy Koufax and Don Drysdale, who were both youngsters then. I remember one game against the Giants when Mays hit a homer off Drysdale. He came in after the inning and threw his glove down. "What's the matter, Don?" I asked. "He hit my curveball." I said, "Don, don't throw him the curveball. Let him see it now and then. Next time give him one high and inside." Don did it the next two times, and Willie backed away. Don gave me a lot of credit. He won 17 games that year. I talked pitching to him all the time.

The year was 1956, the year the Dodgers nosed out the Braves for the pennant. I helped with 13 wins and, at the end of that season, enjoyed one of the highlights of my career. It came on the night of September 25 against the Phillies. There were five games left in the season, and we were a game behind the Braves. In the first inning Mary Blaylock hit a line drive to left that Sandy Amoros caught. In the second inning Reese went way behind second to throw out Willie Jones. Those were the closest the Phillies came to getting any hits, as we won 5-0. It was my only no-hitter, and we were just half a game behind the Braves. With two games left, I beat the Pirates 6-2. We won the pennant by beating Pittsburgh on the final day 8-6.

The 1956 Series against the Yankees was a thriller. Alston had me start the opener at Ebbets Field. In the fifth inning my arm became a little tight, and Alston offered to take me out. "I'll be all right," I said, figuring I could get Yogi Berra out. Then almost came disaster. I hung a curveball. Yogi went after it but he popped it up for the out. It should have gone out of the park. Bill Skowron also popped up to finish the inning. My arm was all right the rest of the way, and we won 6-3 as I struck out 10.

In the second game we murdered the Yankees 13-8 after going behind 6-0. Then, in the third game, the Series turned around when Ford beat us in the Stadium. I started the fourth game against Don Larsen. I or four innings I had a no-hitter. The only trouble was that Larsen pitched a perfect game for nine, and we lost 2-0. Mantle got a home run off me. I don't want to take anything away from the Yankees or Larsen, but if that game had been at Ebbets Field we would have won. We hit a lot of shots to left center that were caught, and Mantle's homer wouldn't have gone out at Brooklyn. We lost the Series in seven games.

In effect, that was my last season as a player. I was 6 and 6 with the Dodgers through August 1957, but neither I nor the Dodgers were going anywhere, and Brooklyn traded me to the Yankees, who thought I could help them. The thing that disturbed me was that I was traded after the Series deadline, so I couldn't pitch against Milwaukee, a team I generally had little trouble with. I imagine if I had beaten Milwaukee in the Series the Dodgers would never have heard the end of it from the Braves. But I wish I had been eligible. That would have made me the only person to have played with all three New York teams in a World Series. As it was, I won two games for the Yanks in the regular season, saved a couple more and gave them the book on the Braves: lots of slow, breaking stuff.

I was 1 and 1 in June the next year when Casey Stengel called me and said, "Sal, we're sending you to St. Louis." The Cards had a chance to win the pen-

nant that year, and I won my first two ball games. But then Kay was operated on, and I went to her bedside for 10 days. Fred Hutchinson, a real man, was the manager. He told me, "Sal, go on home. Your family comes first." When I got back to the Cards it was hard for me to regain my condition. But it wasn't just me—the whole club fell apart.

That was the end of playing for me. I went to spring training in St. Pete the next spring and was getting ready in my own easy way when Solly Hemus, the new manager, came over to me and said, "We're letting you go, but we want you to work in the higher minors with our pitchers." I waited three weeks before saying yes or no. I felt I could still win. But I was 41, I had a high salary and that was the end of my career.

I did a lot of traveling for the Cards, driving 27,000 miles in 3½ months. Gibson was one of the pitchers I worked with. He was in Omaha. Marshall Bridges was in Rochester, and I helped him with a slider. Ray Sadecki and Bob Miller were also in the Cardinal system. I liked teaching, and when Billy Jurges, who had been named manager of the Red Sox, gave me a call to ask if I'd be his pitching coach I said yes, although I could still pitch if he wanted. Just coach, Jurges said. I was with the Red Sox from 1960 on, except for a three-year break from 1963 through 1965 when I stayed home in Niagara Falls to be with Kay. She was very sick, but when I finally realized there was absolutely nothing I could do I went back to the Sox in the spring of '66. Kay died in February 1967.

Last October the Red Sox let me go. This season I'll be out of the majors. I'll be at Niagara Falls with my boys. I have property. I have investments. I may do some work for the Buffalo club, where I started out in organized ball 30 years ago. Maybe I'll get back to the majors in a year. I'd like to coach, but maybe I'll be out of baseball for the rest of my life. Who knows? When I went to the Mexican League people said I was finished. I proved I wasn't. I have a lot of confidence in what I can do. I'd like to manage. I don't go along with the tradition that holds that only catchers or second-string players make managers. I believe I'd make a damn good manager. I was a damn good pitcher. Pitching is the name of the game, and I've always pitched to win. **END**





Among the 15 persons newly elected to the International Swimming Hall of Fame is one **Benjamin Franklin**—*the* Benjamin Franklin who was being honored as a swimmer, a swimming teacher and our first swimming writer. In the 18th century he wrote *The Art of Swimming*, certainly the first such instructional text to be printed in this country, and his natational accomplishments include a nine-mile swim in the Thames. It is not known whether he wore his glasses on that occasion but, if he did, that's all he wore. One thing Franklin neglected to invent was the bathing suit, and his English swim was made in the nude.

You are never going to believe this, but the pretty things below are not real dancers! They are, from left to right, **Jerry Rush, Bill Cottrell, Mike Weger, John Henderson, Nick Eddy** and **John McCambridge** of the Detroit Lions at work during the filming of the book, *Paper Lion*. All of you who thought they were chorus girls from Las Vegas are paper fans.

Tim Durant is the enduring 68-year-old American horseman who keeps turning up, game and cheerful, to put himself through the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree, England. At Aintree you do not have to win, you do well to survive, very well if you finish at all, and this year Durant did finish. Forty-seven years older than the winning jockey, he collected £500 from the betting firm that gave 5-to-1 odds against his completing the course. He came in 15th out of 17 finishers, to be sure, but the starting field was 45. Meanwhile, across the Channel another horseman, older than Durant, chose his mount and course more prudently. **Maurice Chevalier** (*right*) at 79 elected a wooden horse and a sedate turn upon the carousel at a county fair.

"If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?" Yes. Just ask Wyoming Football Coach **Lloyd Eaton.** Eaton is the honorary state chairman of the Wyoming Cancer Crusade, and he and Byron Stogsdill, of the American Cancer Society, were driving back from a meeting in Torrington, Wyo. when a spring rain turned to heavy snow whipped about by winds of up to 50 mph. "We followed a snowplow for



miles," Eaton says. "But the snow stalled our windshield wipers. While we stopped to clear our windshield the wind packed snow solid around our motor. That, of course, also stopped our heater. We had only light topcoats, but we wrapped newspapers and booklet leaves around our limbs as insulation to keep the body heat in." They managed to keep in just enough body heat to prevent severe frostbite over the 24 hours before a National Guardsman found them. "I shifted personnel around in every imaginable combination and devised a whole new offense," Eaton says, "but the last few hours I got to feeling like it was fourth quarter and we were down three touchdowns." Another night stuck in the car or a drop in the 12-above temperature and Coach Eaton might not have had a chance to check out that new offense.

Skiing down the north face of the Grande Motte glacier is not climbing up the north face of the Eiger, but it is quite sufficiently difficult, and France's ex-minister of finance, **Valéry Giscard d'Estaing,** was in the small party of skiers who managed it for the first time. Roped together for half an hour of the trip, Giscard, his wife, a guide and two other skiers struggled to the summit of the 11,800-foot glacier through a foot of fresh powder that masked the terrain. Guide Andre Diard says that the slopes of the Grande Motte usually skied are at angles of 15 or 20. Angles of the north face are often 40 or 45, and, in one spot, 50. "It was a magnificent downhill run. I am delighted," said Giscard. Mme. Giscard d'Estaing apparently was even more delighted with speedy descents, because she promptly went up in a plane and made her first parachute jump, 1,600 feet to the top of the mountain. Someone always asks those who climb up mountains why they do it, and M. Giscard was duly queried as to why he skis down glaciers. "*Amusement sportif*," he replied, perhaps setting a record for brevity.

"I am a conscientious actress and do not consider the cinema just a way to pass the time," says Princess **Ira von Furstenberg,** and one must sympathize. Eleonora Duse was a conscientious actress, too, but she did not, like Princess Ira, have to learn to walk the tightrope.

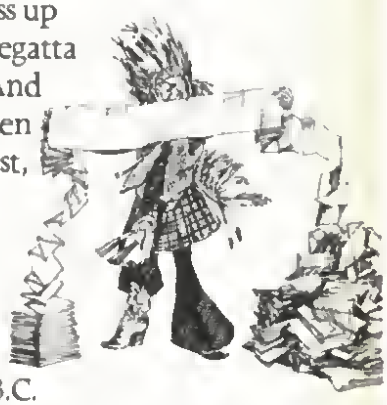
Lamar Hunt and **L. W. McNutt** are co-owners of the Tornado soccer team, which is reported to be the youngest professional athletic club in North America. Maybe that is why Hunt and McNutt feel paternalistic about it enough so that recently they gave away the brides when two of their boys were married. Christine Pickering and Valerie Owens had come from Liverpool to marry John Stewart and Bobby Roach, which reduced the ranks of Tornado bachelors from 18 to 16, and 16 it seems likely to remain for a while. One of the players who attended the wedding and the reception was heard to say, "We decided not to bring girls because we were afraid they would just get ideas."



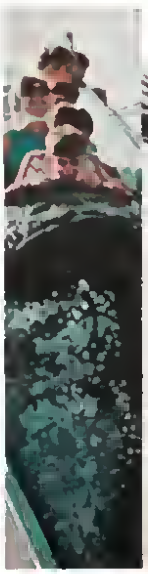
How we keep you coming back for more.



This is how it works. If early July finds you at the Calgary Stampede, it's a good guess you'll miss all the color and excitement of the Scottish Highland Games at Antigonish, Nova Scotia in mid-July. Pity. You see, Calgary and Antigonish are 3,136 miles apart (this is a big, big country!)And if you're out in Vancouver for the Sea Festival, July 31st to August 3rd, you're going to have to pass up Newfoundland's Annual Regatta the first week in August. And that's a shame. If you happen to be in Québec late August, early September, you won't miss the International Canoe Race from La Tuque to Trois Rivières, but you probably will miss the renowned Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto.If you get to see Brantford, Ontario's Six Nations Indian Pageant you'll love it, but you'll have to move pretty fast to catch Manitoba's Ukrainian Festival and the Square Dance Jamboree at Penticton, B.C. And we can practically guarantee you won't make it to Charlottetown for Old Home Week. You say you won't mind missing Old Home Week?How do you know you won't?It's this "not knowing" that bothers our departing guests and brings them back year after year, as predictably as a yo-yo. Insidious, isn't it?



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BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

The captain takes a flyer in hearts

You won't find his name in the reports of the World Championships, but you've got to call Eugene Schwartz of Mercer Island, Wash. an international bridge player. In any week you are likely to find him playing the game in Tokyo, Hong Kong, Manila, San Francisco, New York or various metropolises in between. Captain Schwartz has been a Northwest Orient Airlines pilot for 22 years, flying mostly the long overseas routes. That means plenty of long layovers, during which he whiles away the waiting time with a bridge game, so that the clubs in all these cities have become his homes away from home. Sometimes he's engaged in serious tournament competition; sometimes the game is catch-as-catch-can rubber bridge; in either, he is well able to give a good account of himself.

I used to meet Gene regularly at West Coast events. Last year I saw him at the Spring Nationals in Seattle, where he was a member of a team of local stars that came very close to knocking the North American International squad right out of the Vanderbilt Cup event. Naturally, we postmortemed a lot of bridge hands, but the one that interested me most was this example of jet-assisted takeoff tactics by Gene in a rubber game played in San Francisco.

East-West vulnerable
West dealer



WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
PASS	PASS	1 ♠	4 ♥
DOUBLE	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: 7 of spades

I am not going to tell you that Gene had any part of his four-heart bid, but in this kind of wild game I am not entirely out of sympathy with his tactics—soar into the wild blue yonder, let the opponents think you are trying to steal something and force them to guess instead of giving them plenty of time to exchange information. It was not inconceivable that a preemptive bid might lure West, on a different kind of hand, into raising East's spade suit instead of trying to find a minor-suit fit at the five level. However, West was well content with the suit South had suggested as trumps; his prompt double made it appear that the gamble had backfired, and Gene was getting ready to apologize to his partner when North laid down the dummy. My friend the high-flying captain saw that things might have been far worse.

He won the spade lead with the ace, crossed to dummy's ace of clubs, ruffed a diamond, trumped a spade in dummy and led a club, successfully finessing the jack. Then he cashed the king of clubs and, with six tricks already in, led a third spade, giving West a choice of three different ways to surrender. If West trumped with his king and returned a trump, dummy's jack would win and Gene would ruff a diamond. His ace and queen of hearts would bring his total to 10 tricks.

If, instead of ruffing high, West discarded a diamond, dummy's jack of hearts would capture the spade lead, Gene would ruff a diamond and West would then have to trump a spade lead and return a trump into declarer's ace-queen. Finally, if West tried to avoid the end play by ruffing the third spade lead with a low heart, dummy would overruff. Gene would trump a diamond and get off play with a spade. East could win this trick and return a trump. But Gene would follow with his remaining low one and West would have to win and lead into declarer's major tenace after all.

Gene's closing comment was: "When you write up that hand, Charlie, make sure you tell 'em that I don't fly the way I bid."

END



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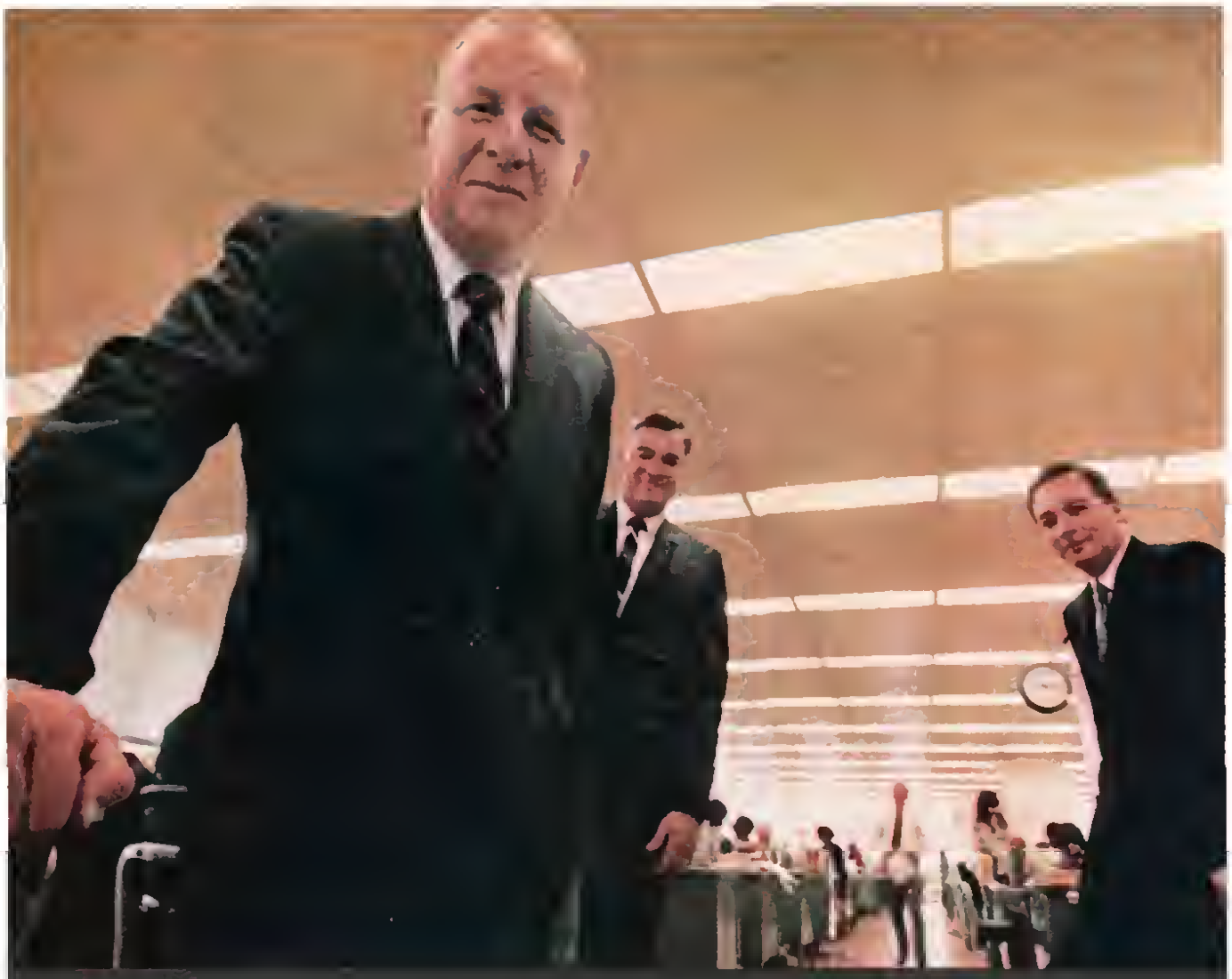
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THE EQUITABLE

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Money in the Phillies' bank

That is the rookie's name, and Philadelphia, off on a new Whiz Kid kick, expects to collect rich interest on him and Outfielder Larry Hisle

It was 11:50 a.m. Thursday, April 4, the last day of spring training in Clearwater, Fla. for the Philadelphia Phillies and the day they would cut their major-league roster to the Opening Day limit of 25 players. Out behind second base a pair of 20-year-old rookies up from the Carolina League were discussing their mutual predicament.

"Hear anything yet?" Don Money, a shortstop, asked Larry Hisle, a centerfielder.

"No, did you?" said Hisle.

Money (pronounced $$$) shook his head, frowned and started to walk back toward shortstop. Oh, well. He had told his parents, who live in Vineland, N.J., only an hour's drive from Connie Mack Stadium, that he probably would not see them until late September, and a year at San Diego, where he probably would be shipped, certainly would not hurt him. Hisle (pronounced Hy-sul) kept thinking, "When are they going to tell us? When are they going to tell us? When is it going to happen?"

Right about then it happened. Gene Mauch, the Phillies' manager, stepped out of the dugout and signaled to Money and Hisle to join him. The rookies listened attentively as Mauch beat around the bush with small talk. Then suddenly Mauch came to the point. "How would both of you like to go to Los Angeles with us?" he asked. The rookies only smiled. "I was going to let Don do all the talking," said Hisle.

"I wasn't gonna say no, so I didn't say anything at all," said Money. "I really don't like to talk anyway."

And that is how Money, wearing No. 5, and Hisle, wearing No. 24, happened to be in Los Angeles last Wednesday night playing in the Phillies' opening game against the Dodgers. Had they gone to San Diego instead, the Phillies might still be playing the game. Chris Short pitched a four-hit shutout and won 2-0 as Money drove in both runs—with a double that scored Hisle from first base and a fielder's choice—while Hisle had two singles, one in his first time at bat in the major leagues.

After the game the rest of the Phillies fell all over the rookies congratulating them. One old hand opened a Diet Pepsi for Money and another splattered mustard on a hot dog for Hisle. Noticing the commotion, Mauch strode from his office. "Hey, rooks," he said, pointing a finger, "these guys won't even know you the first time you go 0 for 4."

Maybe so, but the Phillies haven't been this excited since the Whiz Kids won the pennant in 1950. At present Money is the starting shortstop, although Mauch prefers not to call him that because he believes it will place too much pressure on him. Hisle, like Money a right-handed batter, alternates in center field with Tony Gonzalez, who only hit .339 last season, and already he is considered the best outfielder on the club.

Money (the Phillies naturally call him Green Stuff or Small Change) and Hisle are almost totally opposite personalities. Money is strictly a small-town kid who thinks trimming a Christmas tree is a big night and a John Wayne re-re-re-run is an opening on Broadway. He concentrated solely on baseball in high school, never thought much about college and signed a blank contract—no bonus at all—with the only team (Pittsburgh) that ever evidenced any interest in his baseball ability.

Hisle, who as a young boy was adopted by relatives in Portsmouth, Ohio, was a high-school All-America basketball player and a member of the academic National Honor Society. He spent one weekend touring the University of Michigan campus with Lew Alcindor and Cazzie Russell and he also had correspondence with UCLA. He had agreed to accept a basketball scholarship at Ohio State before he signed a contract with the Phillies, who gave him a reported $40,000 bonus after selecting him in the second round of the June 1965 free-agent draft. He attends Ohio State in the off season, and he has a year and a quarter toward his degree in education.

Unlike Hisle, who has been places, Money has found the world of major-league baseball to be a rather strange environment. "Don's the greenest kid I've ever seen come up to the majors," said Catcher Clay Dalrymple, who roomed with Money last week on the Phillies' first road trip of the year. "It's just his background. He didn't know how to use the phone in the hotel room. He didn't know he could send out his laundry and get it back the same day, either. And I must've spent 30 minutes in front of the mirror teaching him how to tie a Windsor knot. He's a great kid, though."

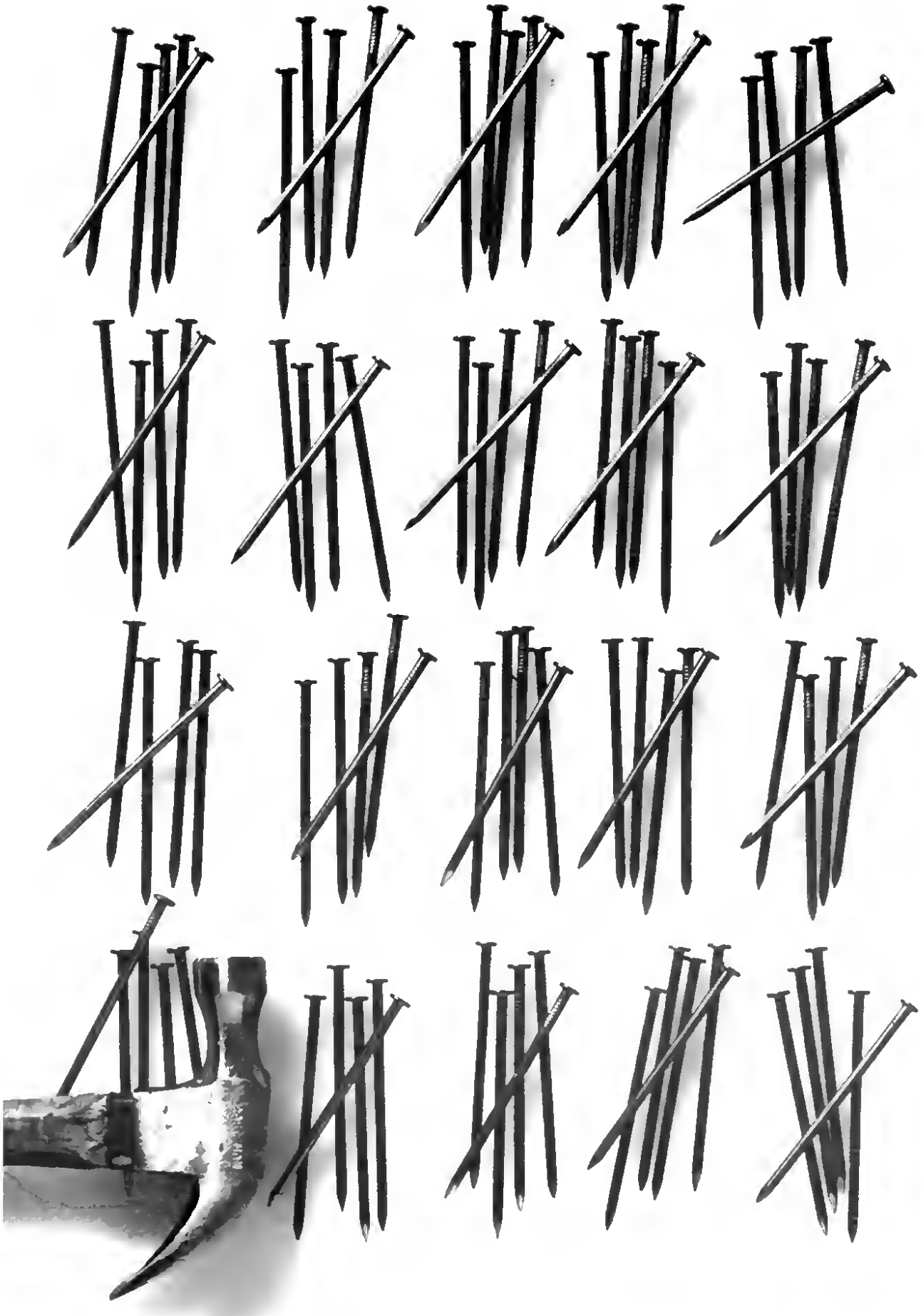
Money, who is in the Marine Reserves (Hisle is 4F because of a congenital back condition), is just beginning to learn the big-league clothing game. "I hate to put on a shirt and tie and jacket," he said. Turtlenecks, which are the vogue in baseball this year, eventually may relieve Money of his haberdashery problem.

"I used to think you wore a turtleneck only when you worked in the cold," he said.

Continued



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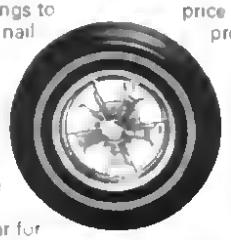
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BUT ONLY IF YOU USE IT.

The real education of a rookie, however, comes on the baseball field. It was fine that Money hit .310 at Raleigh and was the Carolina League's Most Valuable Player last year, and it was fine that Hisle hit .302 and was caught stealing base only once in 32 attempts at Portsmouth, Va. But the major leagues *are quite different*, as Hisle learned in the very first inning on opening night in Los Angeles. Wes Parker hit a routine single just to the left of center. But when Hisle was a bit tardy picking up the ball, Parker raced to second and was given a double after Hisle's throw was 10 feet over the second baseman's head. "My goodness," he said. "I never thought he'd try for second. I won't think that way anymore."

It always is interesting, too, to study how pitchers probe young rookie hitters for a weakness. The Dodgers' Claude Osteen tried practically every pitch on both rookies. Money and Hisle will learn how the Dodgers intend to pitch them the next time the clubs meet.

In Houston, where the Phillies played three games against the Astros last weekend, it was obvious that the opposing pitchers already had composed a book on Money—especially so on the second night, when Money went 0 for 3. They threw him only one fastball, which he fouled into the left-field stands. The rest were curves and changeups and slip pitches designed to put Money off his stride. They did, at least that night. "I'll be all right," he said. Hisle, meanwhile, got two hits against the Astros, a single and a double, but he had not played the previous night and they had no real idea what to throw to him.

Now the Astros have compiled a book on both rookies. "Money," said Harry Walker, the best batting instructor in baseball who now works with the Astros' young hitters, "right now is strictly a fastball pull hitter who has trouble with any breaking ball. Hisle doesn't like anything in his kitchen and will hit any ball out and away with good power to right field.

"Personally, I think they're both going to be good hitters. Money is awfully strong, awfully quick with the bat. Hisle may not be as strong as Money, but he moves into the ball and works his arms and wrists and hands very well. I like both of them."

Thank you, Harry. So do the Phillies. **END**

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A tournament for non-Masters

Pros who were unable to qualify for Augusta kept their games in tune in an off-Broadway version

For those who savor the great names of golf—Palmer (ouch!), Nicklaus (ahhh!), Player (ohhh!)—Augusta was the place, the Masters the tournament. Yet just 220 miles to the north, in Knoxville, Tenn., and on exactly those same treasured days of Augusta activity, there came a preview of some Masters of the future. In a flurry of irreverent activity at the lovely Holston Hills Country Club, on a course that rambles for 7,009 yards, 133 bona fide touring pros and 11 amateurs were going at it in the PGA's off-Broadway version of the Masters—the Rebel Yell Open. And for you name collectors, try this one: Larry Mowry. Nothing? Well try it again, because Larry Mowry was the lad who beat Chris Blocker in a sudden-death playoff. And you might also remember a few others: Herb Hooper, Harry Toscano, Mike Hadlock, DeWitt Weaver, Bunky Henry. . . . *Bunky Henry*? Oh, come on, now. Bunky Henry was the guy who kicked those field goals for Georgia Tech to beat Tennessee two years ago, right?

That's the one. Only Henry is chugging along the pro tour now with a couple of hundred other keen-eyed young lads who, if they were to pool their earnings to date, would just about be able to pay the fuel bill for Jack Nicklaus' Lear jet.

But just you wait. These strapping young fellows with the strange-sounding names have this terrible urge to sup privately in the elegant dining room at Augusta, trading banter with Arnie and Jack and Ben, to flex their shoulders in their own green jackets, fondling that cashier's check where the zeros go on and on and on. It may take a few years, or five, or who knows how long. But just you wait.

To say that this year's version of the Rebel Yell rattled nobody's windows outside of Knox County, Tenn. is perfectly obvious. There are 14 ingenious ways to get an invitation to the Masters and the pros at Knoxville had found 100 ingenious ways of blowing them all. It is patently a tournament for the have-nots, and the winner does not have much more—only $2,800—when he has it. But this is official PGA money and, even more significant, this satellite tournament (which is what the PGA, pondering long and hard, prefers to call it) will be the first of several that will be held at the same time as various other glamorous invitations. It gives the young pros the chance to strut over somebody's country club, competing earnestly when they would otherwise be sitting around a motel television set watching the hot shots going at it. "The need for these things has been obvious for a long time," says Lonnie Nolan, the tournament director and the man who got the Rebel Yell off and running with such professional thoroughness it might have been a PGA regular for 20 years. "With 300 pros wanting in on every tournament and 144 places open at most, we had to find something for the young fellows," Nolan said. "How are they going to get competitively keen if they can't compete?"

Nolan does not arrange any affair with the PGA label on it casually. Any number of cities wanted the Masters satellite tournament desperately, and Nolan's method of picking the one was to live in each place for two weeks. As it almost had to be a Southern city, so that it would geographically fall between the Greensboro Open held the week before the Masters and the Azalea Open the following week in Wilmington, N.C., it meant that Nolan had to stuff down more grits than most people eat in a lifetime. But that is the way Nolan goes at his job, so Chattanooga, Nashville, Martinsville, Va. and Knoxville each became his home away from home.

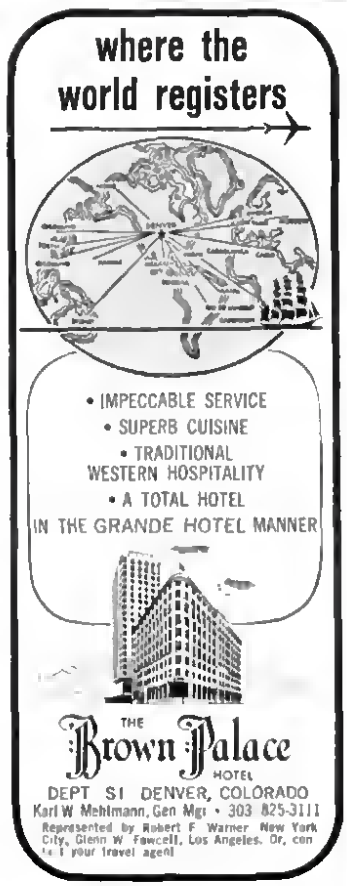
What Nolan found in Knoxville was a revelation. Home of the University of Tennessee, it is wild for anything that is even remotely athletic. "It's a young town," said Nolan, "and I don't necessarily mean chronologically, but mentally. The 50-year-olds come on like they were in their mid-30s."

Orvis Milner, a local distributor of spirits—one of which is a bourbon called Rebel Yell (ah, there you have it)—and a man who had been hounding the PGA for years to get a tournament in Knoxville, enlisted dozens of women members from local clubs, fitted them out in bright red jackets and turned them loose on Holston Hills, taking tickets, running concession stands, scoring and sweeping up. The game was on.

For four days the hot-eyed young pros flailed away to produce a brand of golf that would bear comparison to that played at the Masters. "Take away the top 15 at Augusta," said George Walsh, one of the PGA bird dogs who sees to

continued





it that the young players behave in a manner befitting a gentleman's sport, "and the field is actually stronger here." Of course, you see some awfully strange things, too—like more than a few hullheaded attempts to drive balls into the teeth of a minor gale across a significant body of water, as on Holston Hills' fourth hole. "They want to show the world how strong they are," said Walsh, "and they end up wading around in the pond with their pants rolled up. But that's what this tournament is for. They're *learning*. When some of the very young ones blow a shot, the color goes from their faces, their knuckles turn white gripping their putters. Oh, the agony."

But there were more than a few in that big, eager young field who knew what pressure was and how to handle it. And for the first days these exceptional young ones played to total obscurity.

For instance, three of the brightest young stars, one of them Larry Mowry, came into the final hole on Friday before a gallery consisting of their caddies, the scorekeeper, two ladies from a nearby concession stand and a large gray dog—origin unknown. Mowry and Rich Martinez sank long, long putts for birdies, and DeWitt Weaver sank a short one after a drive that would have had the Masters crowd muttering, "Longer than Nicklaus," if they had been there to see it. The concession ladies applauded and the strange dog wagged its tail.

Of the three, Mowry is the best known, if that is the word for it. Actually the Las Vegas pro would just as soon have the last five years stricken from the script. Even for a player of such vast natural talent, frolicking in the wee hours with all the good hooze a small check can buy is an awkward way to prepare for a tournament. Then last summer came a divorce and a thorough bit of soul-searching by Mowry. "I have reformed," he told anyone who would listen. "You don't say so," said his critics. One true believer, however, was Potter Palmer, who is part owner of the Atlanta Braves and as a casual acquaintance once played a round with Mowry in a pro-am tournament. Palmer lent Mowry $2,000, which was $2,000 more than Mowry had in his bank balance at the time, and off went Larry, clear of eye, firm of resolve. "If I have a beer now," said Mowry, "you can bet it will be on Sunday night."

An indication of just how firm Mowry has been can be had by inspecting his scores in his last five tournaments. He won money in four of them, and his worst round was a 73.

Of all the promising young players at the Rebel Yell, however, none quickened the blood of knowledgeable golfers like DeWitt Weaver. "I guess you always see the next Arnold Palmer in this year's crop of young ones," said George Walsh, "but I swear to you, this Weaver has it. This is the age of the long ball, and when you mention the biggest, strongest hitter of them all how does it come out? Nicklaus, right? Well, you can add Weaver to the list. And that's not the end of it. You know how some athletes can get you excited just by walking in the door? Well, Weaver's got that. He's got it all."

So it would appear, though it was not always that way. Prepped by his father, DeWitt T. Weaver, who was football coach at Texas Tech for 10 years, DeWitt went to SMU fully expecting to be the next Mustang quarterback. But while football was fun for Weaver, golf was a passion, and from his sophomore year on golf was his game.

It was in 1963 that Weaver tried the pro tour, and it took him exactly four months to learn one thing for certain. He had no business being there. "I could hit the ball, all right," said Weaver, "but, good God, even my wedge shots were likely to go off at right angles." So Weaver left the tour. For the next few years he polished his big, booming game and finally took a job as a club pro at Cairo, Ga. Cairo is not exactly big time, but it does have one of the most demanding courses in the country, which was perfect for Weaver. But the big break came when he dropped in on Sam Byrd, a former PGA player now teaching in Alabama. Not only did Byrd see the flaw in Weaver's swing, he told him what to do about it. "You won't break 80 for a month," Byrd told him, "but sooner or later, you'll start hitting that ball."

Last week Weaver charged around the Holston Hills course drawing gasps from the crowd with his long straight drives. His four-under 284 was good for seventh place and the grand sum of $470. Not that it matters much. The Rebel Yell is not what Weaver has in mind for next year. He and Mowry and the other young pros at the Rebel Yell are aiming for Augusta. **END**

A farewell to Jimmy Clark

Graham Hill, Lotus teammate of Clark's and former world champion, writes of Jimmy's last race and his qualities as a driver and a man

Jim Clark and I both flew our planes into Germany for the race at Hockenheim. The weather was pretty bad—I was in a snowstorm for quite a bit—and it rather caught us out. But when the airport asked whether we were able to land on instruments we both breathed a sigh of relief and said we could. And so we did, Jimmy in a Piper Twin Comanche and I in a Piper Aztec.

Jim's car for the race was very new. It had only been raced once before, and that was the previous week at Barcelona. I had tested it myself at Silverstone for 200 miles, and there were no problems; it was a very nice car.

The race was to be run in two heats of one hour each. I was a few seconds behind Jimmy when his car went off the road on the fifth lap and didn't see anything actually happening; all I could see were some tire marks in the wet going off into the trees. At that point we were doing something like 150 mph. Although the track was wet, it was on a very gentle curve to the right that didn't really require any driving skill to negotiate even flat out. Naturally, I never assumed that it was Jimmy who had crashed and was told only when I finished the heat.

We withdrew my car from the second heat and went out to collect the remains of Jim's car. A marshal standing at just about that point said that the car started to snake—the back end going from one side to the other—and then the car went sideways across the track and into the trees.

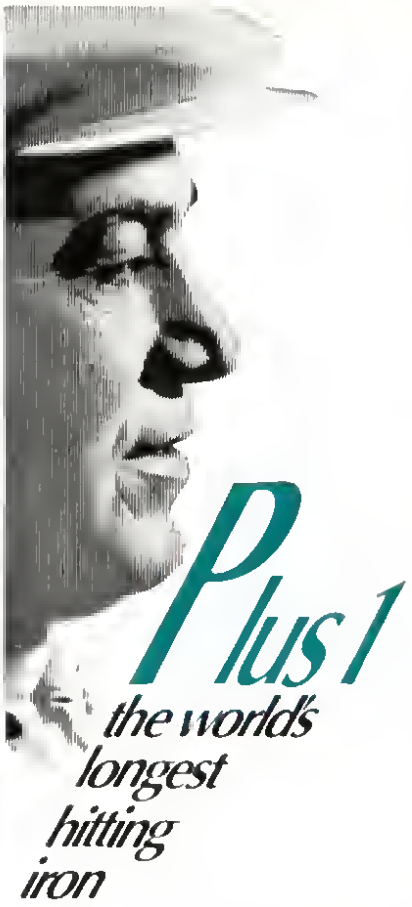
Now the bits are all back at Lotus. They've inspected them thoroughly and haven't yet found anything to really pinpoint the cause of the accident, but it is just obvious that something must have gone wrong with the car. It is just one of those inexplicable things, like Stirling Moss's accident at Goodwood in 1962 which put him out of racing. Moss went straight off the track, and no reason has ever been found.

I am sure that it wasn't Jimmy's fault at Hockenheim. Everyone was taking

continued



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that curve flat out, and Jimmy was the best man in the race—and best in the world. He was that because he just had all the requirements; he was a natural athlete with very good muscular coordination and a very good eye. He had a springy step; he was light on his feet. He had rhythm. His judgment was excellent, and his reactions were very fast.

He was also particularly competitive, particularly aggressive, but he combined this with an extremely good sense of what not to do. One can be overthrusting—aggressive to the point of being dangerous. Well, this Jimmy was not. But he was a fighter, a fighter that you could never shake off. He invariably shot into the lead and killed off the others, building up a lead that sapped their will to win.

For a driver, the excitement of racing is controlling the car within very fine limits. It's a great big balancing act, motor racing. It's having the car broken away and drifting and doing exactly as you want it to do and getting around the corner as quickly as you can, and knowing that you've done it, and hoping that it is better than anyone else has done. You are aiming at perfection and never actually getting it. Now and then you say, "That's it. That's how I want to do that corner. Now beat that, you bastards." This is the essence of racing, and at this, Jimmy, in his era, was unsurpassed.

Comparing him with champions of other eras is terribly difficult, but surely this is true: in their respective times Juan Manuel Fangio, Stirling Moss and Jim Clark were the greatest drivers. Fangio was just that fraction of a second quicker in a Grand Prix car than Moss. Moss was a better all-rounder for any type of racing. Then we look at Jimmy's record. He has won more Grand Prix races than any other driver; you just can't refute that. He did it all with the same car—with Lotus—and this combination of Colin Chapman the constructor and Jim Clark the driver was very strong. You've just got to take the two together, because Chapman designed the cars, and it was a parallel success story.

And Jimmy was happiest *in* those cars which he controlled in a very relaxed fashion. When he was not racing he was not so relaxed. If you saw him sitting in a chair in the same room with you he'd probably be biting his nails; he always bit his nails. He was like a highly bred racehorse—high-strung, slightly nervous.



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not always confident in the presence of other people. He didn't like being driven in a car by others. We had occasion to drive from Cologne to Monte Carlo and back recently in a Ford car as a publicity stunt. When I was driving, he'd be biting his nails. He'd be saying, "For God's sake, look out there." He could never understand, when I was the passenger, why I could just sit there while he was making the odd mistake. He'd say, "For God's sake, say something."

But he enjoyed life. He had a fabulous life, and he enjoyed it and made the most of it, though basically he was very shy. Brought up on a farm as he was, at heart he was a farmer. I mean that in the kindest sense. He owned one farm and his father another. He came from a rustic way of life, which was in complete contrast with the life he was leading as a driver, and he thoroughly enjoyed going back to his own farm.

Because of the limelight that he found himself bathed in through his skill at motor racing, he obviously had to submerge his shyness and emerge as a personality. Which he did. But he did find it difficult. He made no bones about not liking to make speeches, but he had to do it, and I had seen him getting better and better at making them.

He had been thrown into the jet set, which is vastly different from the simple life of the country, and every now and then you could see that he was uncomfortable in it. His simple, natural outlook would show itself. It was very touching to find someone who wasn't hard and cynical. He was a warm, honest, shy person who was coping with all this—the pressure and the publicity.

The service was held on a sunny, chilly day in a lovely little stone church in Chirnside, only three or four miles from his farm. Jimmy was buried in the small churchyard in a simple, light-colored wood coffin. His four sisters and his mother and father were there, and they were all very brave and sweet. I got through it all right until I tried to sing, and then I began to get just a bit too emotional.

After the service we went back to Jim's home, where his family entertained his closest friends. This turned out to be a much happier affair than I could possibly have imagined, and one which Jim, I'm sure, would have thoroughly approved of. It was a most sincere tribute to Jim. **END**



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More murk for the soothsayers

Verbatim's victory in the Gotham was no guide to Derby prophecy

Few horsemen will take issue with the long-standing theory that a flat mile presents the Thoroughbred with his toughest challenge. Like the 400-meter or 440-yard run for humans, the horse's mile is a long, heart-searing sprint in which there is no time for a breather and where pure speed—rather than a mixture of speed and stamina—is all-important.

So, when Max Gluck's Verbatim won the Gotham mile at Aqueduct last week over 10 other 3-year-olds, the victory meant that on his good days Verbatim can be very fast indeed. Aided by an eight-pound pull in the weights from Isidor Bieber's Flamingo winner Wise Exchange, Verbatim carried his 118 pounds (most of which was Jockey John Rotz) around the Big A in a nifty 1:34. It was the fastest Gotham ever and, in fact, was only 2/5 second off a track record shared by such celebrated runners as Bald Eagle, Beau Purple and Carry Back.

Before the Gotham, Verbatim, a son of Speak John and the Never Say Die mare Well Kept, had distinguished himself by winning only five of his previous 20 races. Just a week before the Gotham he was trounced by 11 lengths while finishing sixth behind Dancer's Image in the Governor's Gold Cup at Bowie. However, in between his dismal efforts, he showed a definite proficiency at sprinting. He won the seven-furlong Bahamas and then a division of the seven-furlong Bay Shore by eight lengths in the slop. It is difficult to imagine that Verbatim, with this kind of overall record, will be a serious threat in the Kentucky Derby, or even that he will find this week's mile-and-an-eighth Wood Memorial at Aqueduct much to his liking. But we are in the midst of one of those 3-year-old seasons that offer a minimum of class and a maximum of strange goings-on.

In the Gotham long-shot Wellpoised took the early lead followed by What A Pleasure and then Verbatim. Wise Exchange was fourth, much closer up than he usually runs, and none of the others, including the Garden State winner, Bugged, was really in the hunt, either then or later on. Rotz put Verbatim on the front end before the far turn, and on the turn into the stretch Eddie Belmonte drove Wise Exchange through on the inside. It looked as if Wise Exchange would win as he pleased, but at the wire it was still Verbatim by 2½ easy lengths. "My horse didn't tire," said a surprised Belmonte later. "It was just that the win-

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ner never stopped. The extra furlong in the Wood will make a difference, wait and see." Even winning Jockey Rotz probably would agree, for while he admitted that Verbatim was only "fairly strong" at the finish, his eyes fairly twinkled when he mentioned the Max Hirsch-trained Au Secours with whom he had won both his 1968 starts. "Au Secours is the colt who is really improving," he said of the bay son of Reneged. "He could be better than any of these."

Au Secours may get a crack at the Wood. If he does, he'll likely run up against both Verbatim and Wise Exchange along with such Gotham also-rans as Conceited, Hand To Hand and maybe even Bugged, who, in finishing eighth, was the major disappointment of the day. But what should make the Wood the best New York 3-year-old race to date is the appearance of two or three invaders. The most important is Dancer's Image, the gray son of Native Dancer and Noor's Image (whose sire Noor beat the great Citation four times), owned by Bostonian Peter Fuller. In the mile-and-a-sixteenth Governor's Gold Cup at Bowie, this exciting runner came from next to last in the 14-horse field and won going away by three lengths. "He hasn't beaten much yet," said Fuller, who was at Aqueduct to case the opposition running in the Gotham, "but I also can't see anything here that frightens us too much." Fuller, a 43-year-old former Harvard intercollegiate boxer, proved he was an optimist a few years ago when he took over Tom McNeeley and actually believed, for a few giddy months, that he had a future heavyweight champion on his hands. Two weeks ago he displayed another facet of his personality when he sent his $62,000 share of the Gold Cup purse to Mrs. Martin Luther King Jr.

Another invader expected to test the locals in the Wood is Iron Ruler, the unlucky loser of the Flamingo. The Maryland-based sprinter Clever Foot may also show up to keep the pace honest. With the running of the Wood, the eastern view of the Derby picture will become considerably less hazy. But it still may be clouded for at least another week in Kentucky, until they run off the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland on April 25th. In that one we should have a corking good race among Forward Pass, the Santa Anita Derby winner Alley Fighter, last year's Futurity winner Captain's Gig and a son of Sword Dancer named Gleaming Sword, who may be the fastest-improving of any of the Derby-bound colts.

This week's $100,000 California Derby at Golden Gate Fields, another nine-furlong affair, may also provide additional entries at Churchill Downs. Bill Perry's Dewan is skipping the trip to Kentucky, but those most likely to come on are Don B., Prince Pablo and Proper Proof. So two weeks from now we should know a lot more. Then again, we may well be thoroughly misled. How many racegoers even knew Proud Clarion's name three weeks before the 1967 gallop at Louisville? **END**

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TRIUMPH IN OBSCURITY

Irony accompanied Phil Woolpert through a skyrocket coaching career of matchless achievements and is with him even today amid the satisfactions of a tranquil, sunny campus in San Diego BY WILLIAM JOHNSON

Big-time sport breeds few philosophers. That is not entirely because the men of that world do not have a meditative turn of mind; some of them do, indeed. But the tensions and pressures of their lives allow little time and less tranquillity for proper contemplation. For example, now that the 1968 collegiate basketball season is a thing of the past—now that the winning is done and the curtain has fallen on the high-tension drama—can major-college coaches heave a sigh and spend the spring in a Socratic pursuit of truth? Can they unwind now, content to dwell on the vicissitudes of man and the verities of life? No, they cannot. For now begins the time of the cruelest competition of all—recruiting. And if a coach wants to survive, he had better be out crisscrossing the country, wheeling and wheedling, coaxing and coddling, to entice to his school the kids who will produce. There is no rest for the winner in major-college athletics, for every year, unlike a pro coach, he generally loses some of the talent that made him a winner. He must constantly replace what he constantly loses, and thus few men have either the time or the inclination to ask the questions or risk the definitions that would add a dimension of reason or rationale to the race in which they perform.

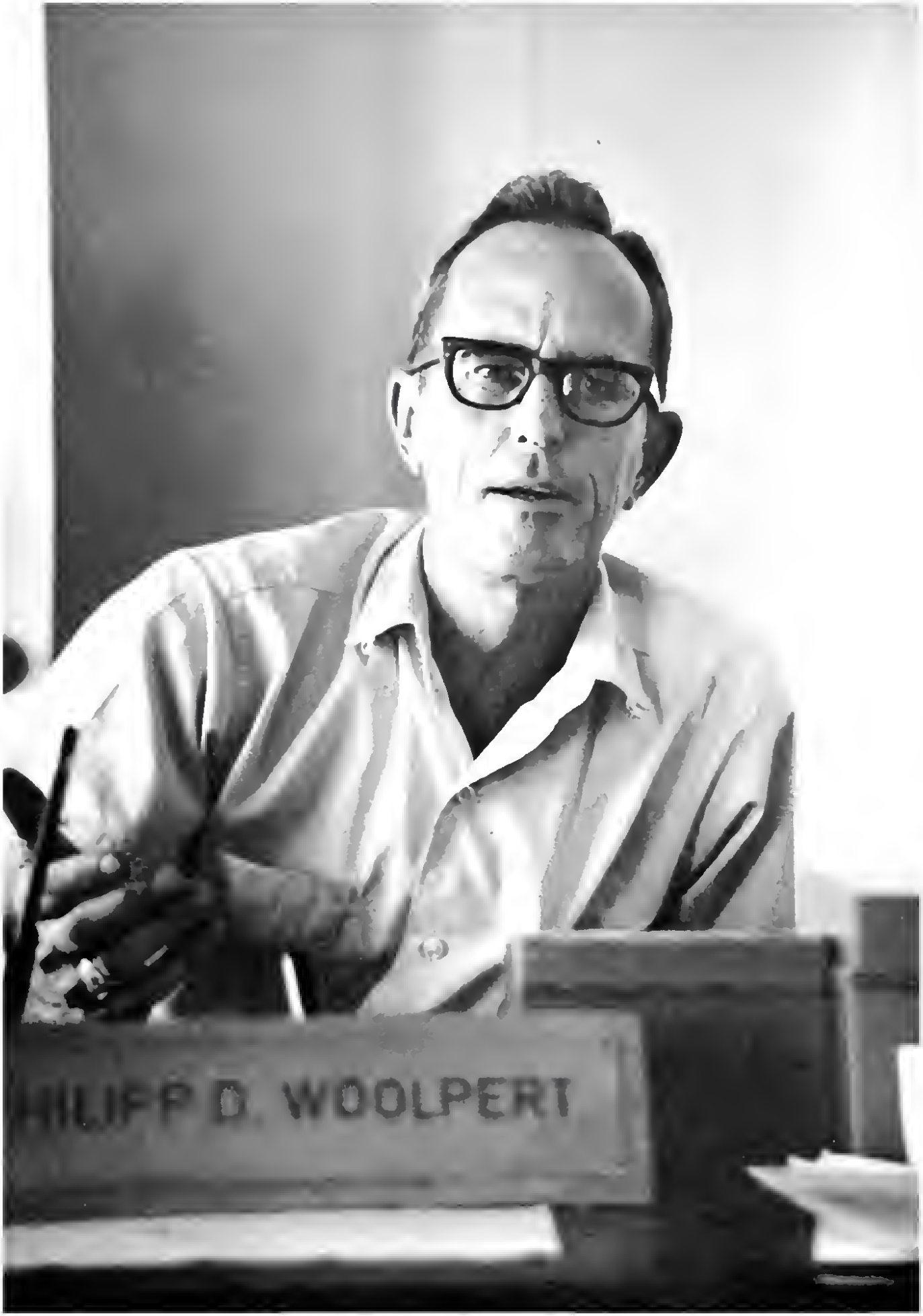
Perhaps it isn't essential for a man to divorce himself completely from the roar of the crowd in order to put things in perspective. But it helps. And few can better vouch for the satisfactions of tranquillity over the high-tension tumult of big-time coaching than Philipp D. Woolpert—an uncommonly sensitive man who a few years ago traded the soaring triumphs of a matchless coaching career at the University of San Francisco for the sunny docility of life at the University of San Diego, an obscure and distinctly small-time school that is considerably less renowned for its basketball teams than for the serene beauty of its campus. Phil Woolpert's perspective has sharpened, and his concern over the drift and direction of sports specifically and the world in general has deepened considerably in the relative peace of San Diego.

"This may be heresy," says Woolpert, "but I think there is something wrong with these games we play when winning becomes a motivating factor of behavior beyond the game itself. Winning has gotten to be an ingredient that we can't do without in this country. We have come to believe the only real measure of accomplishment comes in victory. It's the product of a bad system of values. Hell, it creates psychological problems where there shouldn't be any. I have no solution, but there must be a more rational approach than this overweening insistence on winning."

Heresy it isn't, of course, for, contrary to the fanaticism of a few high priests, victory is not yet a religion. But coming from Phil Woolpert, such words constitute a biting and thought-provoking irony, for he was once the winningest coach in America. With his magnificent University of San Francisco teams of the mid-'50s, winning was almost a bore and scenes of high-tension pandemonium were practically habit. His teams performed in the most celebrated arenas of America: Madison Square Garden, The Cow Palace, Chicago's Stadium, Kansas City's Municipal Auditorium, Los Angeles' Pan-Pacific Auditorium. He coached some superb players—Bill Russell, K. C. Jones, Mike Farmer, Gene Brown, Hal Perry. And the precision defensive patterns and exquisite game control that were Woolpert's trademark made these men all but unbeatable.

In those years Woolpert's name was synonymous with the kind of coaching success that young men new to the profession sit twirling their whistles and daydreaming about in the offices of a thousand high school locker rooms. Twice—in 1955 and 1956—USF won the NCAA national championship. In 1957, Russell and Jones of the All-Americas were gone, but Woolpert again took his team to the NCAA finals and finished third—the only time in history a school had finished so well three years running. And in 1958 Woolpert coached USF to a spectacular 25-2 record, both losses resulting from baskets scored seconds before the gun went off. Over those four dazzling years his record was 103 wins and 10 losses.

Indeed, he came to know *continued*


HILIPP D. WOOLPERT

the taste of victory with a bittersweet intensity beyond that experienced by any college coach—ever. From Dec. 17, 1954 until Dec. 17, 1956, the University of San Francisco won 60 consecutive intercollegiate games—21 more than any major team had ever accumulated before. The record is still unmatched and has only been in jeopardy once, during UCLA's recent streak, which Houston stopped at 47 this year.

Phil Woolpert was 39 when he won his first national championship; when he was 43 he left the rarefied air of big-time college coaching for good. It was a skyrocket ride that left a trail of dazzling records—and perplexing paradoxes. For Phil Woolpert is a rare and complex man, "a very subtle man," as Bill Russell once put it. And he doesn't fit the molds readymade or the clichés prefabricated for success in sport. "Our emphasis is so much on production, on a kind of visible *improvement*," he said recently. "People say to a guy, 'Hey, John, you're not working up to capacity. You could be making another $100 a day. What's the matter with you, John?' But what if John wants to improve in something intangible? Human communications, maybe, or loving his neighbor or studying sunsets? By our simplistic measures of success, a man like John doesn't count."

Phil Woolpert's success at San Diego scarcely lends itself to any simplistic measures. He has gone from celebrity to near anonymity, his income is down, and his prestige in the world beyond San Diego is minimal. Yet he is, by his own definition, a happy man. At 52, there is a distinguished silver cast to his dark brown hair and deep creases around his mouth; the creases become chasms when he laughs, which is often. When he frowns in moments of intense concentration, also often, his ruggedly handsome face (Charlton Heston is perhaps his nearest look-alike) somehow remains dynamic in repose, as if the struggle in his mind were reflected in his physical appearance. And when he voices his thoughts—in strikingly articulate phrases—his voice has an impressively deep, crackling timbre; it carries that authoritative sound you like to hear from airline pilots or pulpit preachers or Presidents—from any man you want to put your confidence in.

Since 1962, he has been at the University of San Diego (not to be confused with either San Diego State University or the University of California at San Diego). The school, a creation of the San Diego Roman Catholic diocese, is tiny and has an antiseptic, almost monastic aura about it. There are 700 women and 600 men in the two colleges, which are still, to a great extent, segregated by sex. It is not hard to feel a kind of metaphysical insulation from the churlish turmoil of the Real World at the school. The campus is a scene of almost postcard perfection—sparkling white Spanish baroque buildings set on a hilltop against a backdrop of lazy circling seagulls and a breathtaking view of San Diego's Harbor of the Sun.

The students (69% Catholic) are well behaved; the only memorable demonstration of youth in rebellion at USD,



Ecstasy erasing their differences, Russell lifts Woolpert to his shoulders after NCAA victory.

so far, was over a ludicrously parochial issue. "The kids petitioned the Student Affairs Committee to ease restrictions on what they wore to class," said Woolpert. "Well, we okayed sideburns and mustaches and Bermuda shorts and sandals and sneakers—just about everything they wanted. Except for socks. I don't remember why, but someone on the committee insisted they wear socks to class. So they picketed over socks."

Although the architecture and the setting create an impression of ancient severity, USD is really spanking new—and it has experienced some birth pains that border on trauma. Classes began in the women's college in 1952 and in the men's in 1954. At that time the USD athletic program was ambitiously designed to produce a football team that would bathe the school in overnight fame as an instant Notre Dame of the West.

"They had some kind of an idea about Horatio Alger success in football," said Woolpert, "and I'm afraid they went after it in a very naive and unfortunate way. There were a lot of local businessmen involved and, whether they were actually buying the football players, I don't know. But they *were* enrolling kids with microscopic grade averages and, eventually, the whole school nearly sank in the undertow. Once the bars are down in that kind of setup, everything seems to suffer. Enrollment dropped way off—to 250 or so—in the men's college, and the university came damned close to losing its accreditation." Football was canceled in 1962 after a new president of the men's college was brought in and the 3,000-seat stadium stands empty year-round except for high school games.

"This idea that money is the end-all power behind success, behind winning, is a major weakness in our values," Woolpert said. "It works in the courts, because wealthy men can afford the legal wizards that poor men cannot, and it has worked in the draft, because the money to attend college guarantees a deferment while the ghetto kid goes to war. I have never liked elitism—and certainly not when it is based on material possessions."

There are no Boosters Clubs or heavy commercial pressures on Phil Woolpert at USD; most of the alumni are still too young to have the affluence to afford much of a contribution to the old alma mater. There are no marathon winning streaks to protect, either. Woolpert is 65-65 since he arrived, 15-10 this year. When he was first hired by the university (the fifth coach in four years), the word went out among San Diego businessmen that he would be midwife to the birth of superbasketball at the school. "They were saying that I would make it the Kentucky of the West," said Woolpert. "Nothing was farther from my mind—or the school administration's either, after the football fiasco. I went on television as soon as I got here and threw cold water on that idea right away."

Kentucky it isn't, but Phil hasn't exactly taken up full-time sunset studies either—not when it comes to the basketball season, anyway. "Look, as a coach I can't *try* to lose. If I did, I'd be absurd," he said. He still is far from Buddha-cool in the dwindling hours before a game. Always a noticeably nervous man, he develops quick ties in his face as game time approaches and, occasionally, he jumps abruptly in his chair, as if someone had just fired a howitzer off the edge of the swimming pool outside his office window. "There's always this gnawing in the stomach," he said. "It's almost the same whether it's a national championship or the last game of a losing season. Somehow, I've got by all these years without getting an ulcer. If I did, I'd quit. But the pressure is always there. The pressure you put on yourself."

Still, he is a million miles, as the seagull flies, from the golden pressure cooker of those magnificent days of the mid-'50s. Why did he make the move? As Wordsworth wrote, "The Child is father to the Man," and Phil Woolpert's decisions were, to some extent, predestined in his youth.

"I'm a product of the benighted white American middle class," he said, "and I suppose I'm as much a victim of its prejudices and misjudgments as anyone. But money has never been a prime consideration for me and, if I'd gone along with my dreams as a young man, I'd be a poorer, but maybe happier, social worker."

Until he was 10, Woolpert lived a nomadic existence, his family moving again and again—Kentucky, Ohio, New Jersey. His father was in stocks and bonds promotion. In 1925, seven Woolperts and a dog piled into a brand-new Chandler automobile and headed for that American Mecca of the Transient—Los Angeles. "It was before the Okies' migration," recalled Phil dryly, "but we slept under the stars all the way." They lived in an integrated section of L.A. (Actress Hattie McDaniel's brother was one of their neighbors), and that environment, together with the influence of Woolpert's outspoken and politically independent father, eventually led Phil to an intense liberalism.

When Woolpert graduated from L.A.'s Manual Arts High School in 1933, the Depression was in its bleakest days, and he had "positively no illusions about going to college." For a time he did the mundane, demeaning odd jobs of the day—peddling handbills, standing in lines of ragged men waiting to be picked for a day's construction work. He finally enrolled at a nearby junior college (it required only a small entrance fee), bent on a career "helping people—I didn't quite know how. Just helping them."

A mere sliver of a lad (6′ 2″, 135 pounds), Phil became a polished junior-college basketball player and caught the eye of Jim Needles, the feisty coach (he is still called "The Beast") of Loyola University of L.A. Needles gave Phil a four-year scholarship. Woolpert still looked like "the results of an X ray," as his Loyola teammate, Pete Newell, recalls, but Needles put him on a cod liver oil diet, and Woolpert became a smooth, furiously competitive forward (he was booted out of no less than four games for fistfighting).

Of course, Loyola is a Catholic school, and Woolpert was—well, as he puts it, "I had a dim view of Catholics as a kid. I wasn't much of a fan of any church, in fact. My grandfather had been a Presbyterian preacher, but I don't think I'd

continued

been in a pew since I was 12. I'm an agnostic, pure and, I suppose, simple. It is, I guess, the coward's way out, but I just can't do it any other way." Ironically (a word that fits almost everything Phil Woolpert ever did), Loyola turned out to be just the first in a lifetime of constant connections with Catholicism. he has never coached anywhere but at Catholic schools—San Francisco's St. Ignatius High School, the Jesuit-run University of San Francisco and, of course, USD. "It's been a great, great exposure," he says. "My dim view has brightened, shall we say, profoundly." Indeed, before every game his team plays, the agnostic coach traditionally begins the locker room chant, "Hail Mary Full of Grace. . ." And Mary Woolpert, the tall, blonde lady he married in 1945, has always been "a tremendously faithful Catholic," he says.

When he was graduated from Loyola in 1940, "coaching was the farthest thing from my mind. I had majored in political science because the school didn't offer sociology, and I was off on my white charger to help the world." The world he first charged into was the California state-prison system. A new reform plan had just been instituted at Chino—unarmed guards, cells without locks, an honor system for inmates—and Woolpert was one of 35 men selected from 1,500 applicants to be supervisors. It was an enlightening period, but brief, for in August 1942 he was drafted, sent to Hawaii and, because of his training, was assigned to the staff of the disciplinary barracks outside Honolulu—the infamous Stockade. It proved to be a shattering time.

"This was the hellhole James Jones wrote about in *From Here to Eternity*," said Woolpert, "and if anything, he underwrote the scenes. God, how grotesque and sordid and brutal men can be! The place reeked of homosexuality, and the bulk of the company was illiterate. I shared an office for a time with a provost sergeant who was a blatant sadist and unabashed homosexual. He wore a perfumed handkerchief in his sleeve. His desk was always empty, polished and clean, except for a blackjack in the middle. He'd slug kids for having a spot of dirt on one shoe. They finally put him away."

In those wartime years, executions at the gallows or by a firing squad were not unheard-of at the Stockade. "Your view of life is never the same after being around that kind of thing," said Woolpert. "The most haunting, chilling hours I ever spent happened one night before an execution. Every condemned man was given a last request, and this one fellow said he didn't want anything except a copy of *The Warsaw Concerto*. Then he sat down at the piano and, for the next eight or nine hours, he played it over and over and over. I was there all night. The kid never stopped. In the morning he went out and a firing squad killed him."

Understandably, Woolpert's zest for prison work faded at the Stockade and, even though he did not set out purposefully to become a basketball coach, it turned out that there just wasn't much he could do to prevent it. "I suppose none of us really knows, for certain—whether we're making the major decisions of our lives because we truly want to ourselves or because of what other people expect us to do," he said.

In August of 1946, eight months out of the service and just starting on a rather dull field job with the Veteran's Administration, Woolpert got a call from his old coach, Jim Needles, who was then athletic director at the University of San Francisco. The coaching job at St. Ignatius, a prep school for USF, was open. Would Phil be interested? He was not happy with the VA, and he was indeed interested. Needles and Pete Newell, then coaching at USF, gave him sterling recommendations, and he was hired. In his first year at the school his team won the city championship. In four years he rolled up a 63-29 record. "I liked it, and I had no ambitions at all to go into college coaching," he recalled.

Ah, but there were other people's expectations involved. When Newell quit USF in 1950 to go to Michigan State, Phil took the job—with trepidation and

continued

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reluctance. No sooner had he walked into his new office than the trepidation turned to terror and the reluctance became abject resignation. "I opened one filing cabinet that first day," he said. "My God, there was folder after folder, each at least an inch thick, on high school prospects, or something. I was overwhelmed. I slammed the drawer, went home and told Mary, 'I quit—this is beyond my capacity.'

"Frankly, she whipped the hell out of me mentally that day, and I went back. She was right." But his first season was sheer misery (a 9-17 record), and at the end of it Woolpert told Needles he was through. "I figured I'd had my exposure to the big time and I just was not cut out for the pressures."

Needles persuaded him otherwise. "Phil felt guilty because he didn't think he was doing justice to the kids," said Needles. "It was typical of Phil to blame himself. But he had poor material, and I finally made him believe that he did have the technical mastery, that it wasn't all his fault." There were two more so-so years, but meanwhile one of Woolpert's scouts had spotted a clumsy, gangling kid named Bill Russell playing high school ball, in almost total anonymity, in Oakland. Woolpert offered Russell a scholarship, without having seen him play one minute of basketball.

"My God, the first time I did see him at a workout, I couldn't believe my eyes," said Woolpert. "He could jump—oh, how he could jump—but he was *so* ungainly. Still, there was something about Bill then that you just couldn't ignore. He had this rare, wonderful confidence in himself. Not braggadocio, but good honest confidence." As Woolpert recalls it, when Russell was first introduced as a freshman to the USF coaching staff he said, "Gentlemen, I want you to know that I am going to be the University of San Francisco's next All-America."

Of course, he was right. Bill Russell was the vortex of those whirling championship teams. "He was as fiercely competitive, as proud an athlete as ever appeared in any sport," said Woolpert. "With Bill's great leadership and K.C. Jones's silent determination, those teams were almost superhuman. But Bill was a man of many moods. We had a lot of run-ins." Perhaps with two men of the complexity and intensity of Russell and Woolpert, a clash was inevitable.

In recent years, Russell has made no secret of his negative view of Phil Woolpert. In his book *Go Up For Glory*, published in 1966, Russell wrote, "I was not fond of Woolpert as a coach, but I liked him as a man—sometimes. I believed then and I believe now that he played favorites. I do not believe Woolpert did this because of prejudice. It was just the way he was. Perhaps it was my own prejudices. But though I gained my first fame with him, I could never be close to him as a man. I was a good basketball player. There were some who said I was great. Woolpert never said anything. . . . It never hurts to say a good word for your player. It hurt me plenty that Woolpert didn't."

One incident that particularly bothered Russell occurred in 1955 when Kenny Sears of Santa Clara was picked as Player of the Year in their conference. Russell thought he should have gotten the honor and blamed Woolpert's failure to praise him in the press.

"O.K.," said Woolpert, "my judgments are as imperfect as anyone's, but as a coach I have to make them. In those days I wasn't about to help give Bill an inflated sense of his own importance. As a sophomore he was a lazy player; I kicked him out of the gym many, many times for loafing during drills. When he was a junior there were a few problems, when he was a senior, none that I recall. He was furious about the Sears thing, and he told me he wouldn't show up for the presentation banquet. I said, 'Bill, that'll demean you as a man; it's beneath you.' He refused to go until the day of the dinner, then he was called on to make a speech. Honest to God, he was wonderful. He made a great, laudatory talk about Sears. A fine, unpredictable guy."

The USF national championship teams had three Negroes on the starting five—Russell, Jones and Hal Perry—as well as two splendid substitutes, Warren Baxter and Gene Brown. ("Phil was one of the first coaches to really key a major college team to Negro players," said Pete Newell. "Of course, that makes it all the more ironic that he was blasted by Russell.") Obviously, a nationally oriented team so constituted was bound to collide somewhere on its schedule with the bigotry of the day.

In December 1955, the University of San Francisco was booked to play Loyola of New Orleans, and there was a great deal of pregame upheaval, since New Orleans was then one of the really supersegregated cities in the U.S. "Everyone was edgy about it," recalled Woolpert. "And particularly Bill; he had been born in Louisiana." When USF arrived, the tension was extreme, but a local restaurateur—a Negro—threw a banquet for the team and the press. Each USF player was asked to make a speech, and Russell was the last to talk. "I was watching him as the fellows spoke," Woolpert recalled. "He was taking notes like crazy, and I was pretty worried about what he might say. Finally, he stood up and he was impassive as a sphinx. He looked around the table, and then he said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, the greatest place to be from in America is New Orleans. . . .' And he went on from there to do a masterful job. Humorous and easygoing. No one could have defused a situation like that the way Bill did." When San Francisco did appear for the game, the team faced an all-white squad of Loyola players, before a capacity house—integrated. "The crowd cheered our Negroes kind of dutifully at the start," said Woolpert. "But you could almost bathe in the tension. About seven minutes into the game, a ball went up in the air and Russell came down with it. Two kids from Loyola fell, hard. Bill looked at them, then he put the ball down and helped both of them up. The crowd went wild, and the Negro kids on the team got standing ovations when they went out of the game that night."

Two years later there was an unpublicized but equally upsetting situation

in Louisville during USF's victorious participation in the Blue Grass Festival. After a victory, the team's traditional celebration was to attend a movie, but Louisville would brook no racial mixing in its theaters, so Woolpert made dinner reservations for the team in a hotel dining room instead. "The kids went downstairs alone, and I was in my room," he said, "when the phone rang and one of the kids said, 'Coach, they won't let us in. No Negroes allowed.' I hit the roof. I called all over town that night and I finally got an assistant of Happy Chandler—he was governor there then. I chewed the guy up and down, and I told him I was going to write a letter to the NCAA telling them that the championships shouldn't be held in Louisville later that year because no one should dignify such bigotry by having a national competition there. We left the *next day for Oklahoma City, and when* I got there, I'd barely checked into my room when the phone rang. It was the manager of the arena in Louisville. 'Mr. Woolpert,' he said, 'won't you reconsider that letter? We're having a meeting of all restaurant, theater and hotel managers, and I think we can settle this thing.' I withheld the letter, and the town *was* opened up for the tournament. Of course, they went right back to the old ways as soon as it was over."

No one who saw Phil Woolpert's great USF teams can ever forget their cool mastery of fundamentals, along with an almost mystical ability to apply the kind of pressure that forced opponents to switch from their natural style and fall, fumbling, into the methodical, control game that San Francisco played best. Surprisingly enough in the light of the high-intensity, coast-to-coast recruiting of those days, nearly all of Woolpert's top men were products of the San Francisco area. Beyond that, as Jim Needles recalled, "Phil wouldn't take a kid unless he was positive —absolutely certain—that the boy could make it through college and would be able to make a success of something other than sports as a career."

Despite the cool and mathematical technique of Woolpert's game, his teams'

continued

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60-game string had some bizarre and hair-raising emotional moments. Take, for example, the night in Corvallis, Ore. when USF was playing Utah. The team had won 33 in a row but, at the half, Russell suddenly complained of chest pains. Not having his own team doctor along, Woolpert summoned a physician who coincidentally was a fan of the Oregon State team, which—also coincidentally was to play USF the next night, *if* USF beat Utah. The OSU doctor's diagnosis was uncertain, but he suggested that Russell *might* have pneumonia and recommended that he play no more that night against Utah.

Faithfully, Woolpert kept Russell on the bench in the second half, although USF was clearly in trouble and Bill was insisting that he felt fine. Soon an ardent USF supporter turned up behind the bench and demanded to know why Woolpert was holding Russell out of the game. "In all honesty, the guy was pretty drunk when he asked me," said Woolpert. "And when I told him what happened, he began to rave that we should have a USF-oriented doctor look at Bill, that we shouldn't trust any Oregon State guy's opinion—even if he had taken the Hippocratic oath. This guy knew of a San Francisco doctor in the crowd and said *he* should look at Bill. I thought the doctor he was talking about was a Ph. D., not an M.D., because I'd once had one hell of a cocktail party conversation with him about free will or something. Anyway, it turned out that he was an M.D. and he did reexamine Bill, and he said that he was all right, maybe just a case of overexertion in the first half." Woolpert let Russell return to the Utah game. USF won going away that night and, Oregon State medicine notwithstanding, the team beat OSU 57–56 the next night.

Of course, any victory streak has its own built-in pressures, and when it gets to 60 straight it approaches extremes of human cruelty. "We couldn't ever really forget it, although we tried like hell," said Woolpert. "But it wasn't as bad as a lot of people might think. You know, teams really do play games one at a time, as the old cliché has it. And, of course, I was aware all along that we were benefited by a really fortuitous set of circumstances. That combination of kids—with their pride and their absolute conviction that they could *not* be beaten—is a rare, maybe even unique thing. Frankly, I'm damned proud of the string. Not so much because it was so long as because there is not one game that I feel guilty about. We never, as far as I know, took advantage unfairly of another team."

The string stretched for five games beyond the departure from USF of Russell, Jones & Co. Not until Dec. 15, 1956 did USF lose, and then it was in an unofficial exhibition against the U.S. Olympic team in Chicago. And who were the major players on *that* Olympic club? That's right—Bill Russell and K.C. Jones. Two nights later, Illinois snapped the streak officially.

Despite those fine seasons, Woolpert never did feel at ease in big-time coaching. Yet a combination of coincidence and his own ambivalence about the pressures and pleasures of the major-college milieu created a kind of inertia around him. Even though he convinced himself again and again that he should quit, he stayed where he was. "In retrospect, I should have done what I wanted to do—resign at the end of that second national championship in 1956," he said. "But, hell, I've got my dread of insecurity and my intrinsic need for recognition as much as the next fellow. And I suppose I was foolishly, childishly motivated by the fear that people would say, 'There's a guy who can't stand the pressure.' So I stayed, and we had a good season in '57. After 1958 I had pretty much made up my mind that this was it. We'd had a great year (25-2) and I knew the time had come. Then, that spring, two of our really good players were dropped from the squad. I just *couldn't* bring myself to leave a ship in *that* bad shape."

The USF ship proved to be in abysmal condition, all right—it wallowed through a 6-20 record in 1959, and only once in 35 years of intercollegiate basketball had USF done worse (2-13 in 1941). "I couldn't exactly tell you what was going through my mind then. Monumental confusion, certainly. Bitterness. Self-pity. Resignation," said Woolpert.

Even after that dismal season of '59, Woolpert did not quit, although he knew another year of misery was coming up. Then that summer he had an accident in Manila during a Jesuit-sponsored basketball tour of the Far East. It occurred under conditions that would set a Baptist Fundamentalist muttering about "God's infinite wisdom" and "fate foreordained." Even a good functioning agnostic might take pause. For at the height of a ferocious typhoon, Woolpert slipped on the slick tiles of a patio as he was running to his room. Lightning ripped the sky and thunder boomed all about. He landed on his back so hard that he was paralyzed for several minutes. Within the week he was on his way back to San Francisco, clad in a plaster coat from neck to waist to ease the pain of the bruised vertebrae in his back. "Ultimately, that did it," said Woolpert. "I was a nervous, jangled wreck. We started the practice season, and I was terrible. I wore a brace and harness then that irked hell out of me. There was quite a bit of pain. Everything was interrelated—the letdown of the previous year, my own confusion about my future, the bad back. Maybe if I'd been normal physically, things would have been different." The day before the first game of the 1959-60 season he announced he would take a leave of absence. Six months later he quit USF for good, and two years later he found his niche in the serenity of San Diego.

As with any man, some of the most formative decisions of his life had been just beyond his own control. Ultimately, he did not really choose the quiet, subtle brand of success he is enjoying in San Diego. Yet it somehow fits him perfectly and, as he says, "I am happy here. Damned happy."

Occasionally, there are still offers from big-time, big-salary schools—and, who knows, someday Woolpert may return to the championships. For now he says no. "I've been there—No, I and all that.

continued



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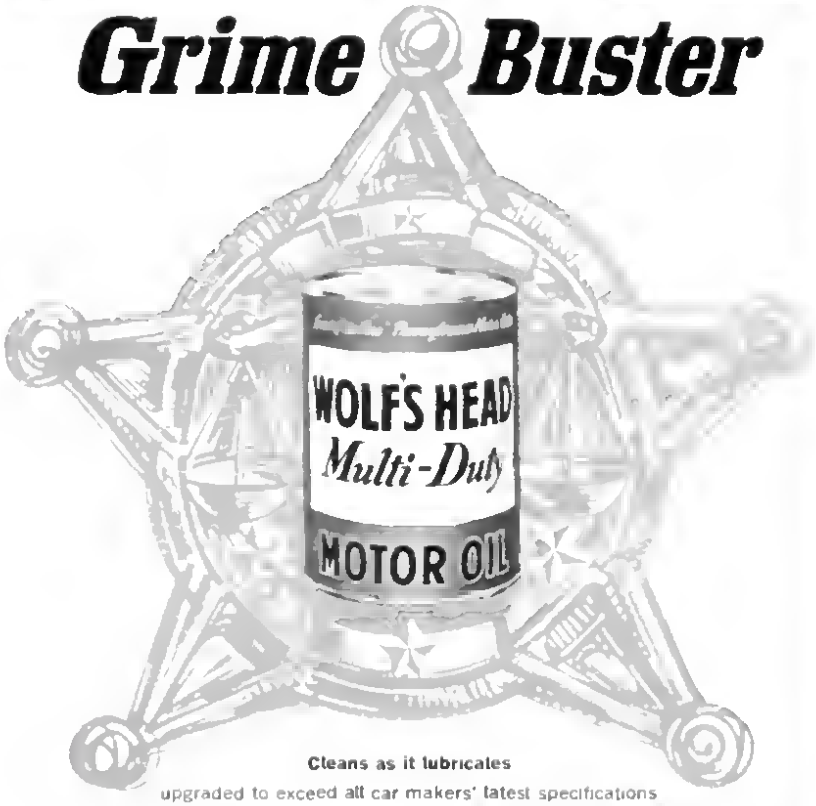
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I'd be a fool if I said the satisfaction and emoluments weren't wonderful. They were. But there are so many demands on your time—and, in a way, so many demands on your morality—at those high levels of competition. Besides the ordinary pressures to win, there gets to be an economic motive, too. Just plain money becomes a tremendously important factor—simply because so many schools have such astronomic athletic department budgets. Hundreds and hundreds of thousands of dollars are involved. I've always said that the athletic department budget should be consolidated with the general school budget—treat it like the philosophy or English department—and, instead of forcing the athletic department to produce its own revenue, turn everything from the gates back into the general college fund and allocate it on an annual basis. In other words, take sports out of the environment of profit and loss. We do that here at USD, but it's not an idea that will sweep the nation, I'm afraid.

"A couple of years ago, Wayne Hardin at Navy told me that his athletic department budget was $900,000. Can you imagine? Well, to meet that kind of budget you just *have* to fill the stadium every Saturday. You *have* to play a Top Ten style of football. You *have* to react to a form of profit motive—because winning means revenue for the athletic department. Look, honest coaches don't purposely try to loosen up academic standards for athletes. But with that kind of dollar pressure on them, the temptations sure as hell are there to use just slightly questionable tactics in recruiting. To get a real good kid, you might make just one exception for a low grade average. So you can win. Maybe, eventually, there'll be a deal with some alumni booster to give a really great kid's father some help in his business. Or to help pay for a tonsillectomy for a boy's kid brother. Or pay his sister's tuition at a finishing school. The pressure to win can corrupt—insidiously and unconsciously—the whole structure of a university. Hell, the structure of a whole society."

Not long ago, while sipping slowly at a martini, very dry but with lots of ice,

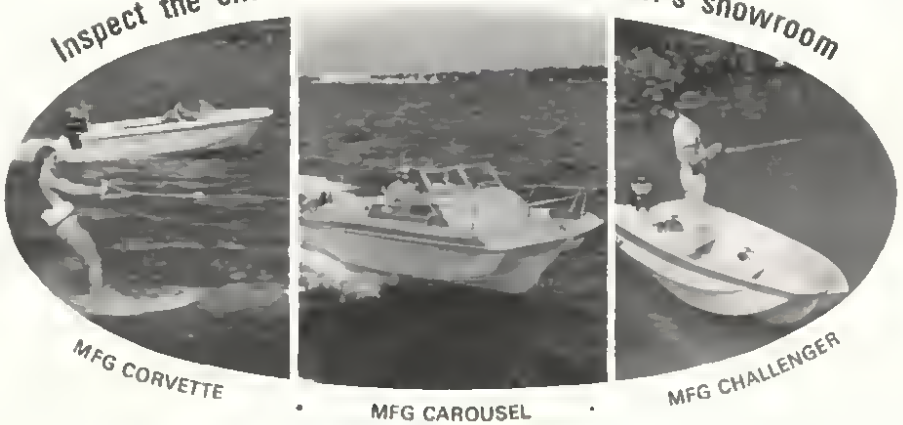
continued



but what we couldn't see really sold us on MFG"

We like to go and keep going in our boat . . . without worrying about maintenance, repairs or tinkering. That's why we chose MFG! We like the safe, sturdy construction that takes hard usage . . . bounces off most floating obstructions. Under the floor boards is a bridge structure built to "take it". MFG has beauty, class, performance! But most of all it has long life construction to keep it "all fun and no work" for year after year after year. There are twenty-one models from which to choose. Get the most enjoyment from your boating with an MFG, best boat built . . . anywhere.

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How's Titleist making out on tour?

Like a Bandit.

Looks like nobody's going to catch The Bandit this year, either



TOURNAMENT	1968	
	Played Titleist	Played 2nd ball
Bing Crosby	170	50
Kaiser Int'l	71	20
L.A. Open	63	27
PGA Seniors	280	43
Bob Hope	225	148
Andy Williams San Diego	61	29
Phoenix Open	75	20
Tucson Open	75	21
Doral Open	48	26
Florida Citrus Open	51	26
Jacksonville Open	84	23
Pensacola Open	61	22
Greensboro Open	66	24
Masters	25	13
	1,335	492

Official Count (except PGA Seniors)

This year, last year — as a matter of fact, for the past 21 years in a row — more touring pros have played Titleist than any other ball. How come? For the same reason you ought to tee up a Titleist. For extra distance. For the built-in advantage that makes the difference between missing out on a pay window . . . and making out like a Bandit.



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Woolpert said, "I have an enormous empathy with the hippies. I might have been an extraordinarily good hippie. The best of what they stand for—love, peace, compassion for other people, individualism unobstructed by artificial values of the establishment these are things I'd like to think I stand for at my best."

The statement was not without its contradictions, for, as he spoke of hippies, there was Phil Woolpert, a middle-aged basketball coach, sitting on a broad sofa in the living room of his home – a place that is gracefully if not elegantly furnished on the inside and is surrounded by other homes similar on the outside. In the driveway were a Volkswagen bus and a 1967 Mercury station wagon, each containing its quota of the classic litter of suburbia, Kleenex and road maps and broken color crayons and old shopping lists and dirt-scuffed school papers of children. In his house there were five lively, uncommonly handsome youngsters, ranging from 7 to 18 years old, and neither Phil nor Mary Woolpert could sustain a particularly long conversation without interruptions to assert some very non-dropout authority about snitching the avocado chip dip or who would drive to the dance that night or "When, Mother, will you do my hair?" For a time, the phonograph put forth the sounds of an album called *Freddy Martin Plays the Beatles* and Mary said, "Maybe that's the way people our age are supposed to function – as a link between Freddy Martin and the Beatles, a tie between yesterday and today."

"It seems like a ridiculously passive part to play," said Phil Woolpert. But he mused about the idea for a time, linking his fingers for a visual aid, and discussed the need for bridges between generations. "Hell, not *just* generations—between races and all our social strata and individuals and nations and the whole damned *schmeer*," he said, suddenly animated. "Our values on all these levels have gotten *so* screwed up—and I wonder if we know what abyss we're heading for. But how do we change it? Or more to the point – when? I wish I knew." END

Wide-Tracking will never be a spectator sport. Obviously.

As long as there are five Firebirds in the world, how could it be?

Take the Firebird 400 demonstrated lovingly below. Its 330 hp was put there to quickly inform anyone what a sports car really is. And if you'd rather, you can order a 335-hp Ram Air version that uses those hood-mounted scoops to breathe.

Of course, what any of the Magnificent Five won't do for a winding piece of asphalt isn't worth mentioning. The reasoning behind our confidence is as obvious as the way Firebird's extra-wide tires stubbornly stick to a road. Held there by Wide-Track. And a suspension they're still trying to name a glue after.

Now, can you think of a better way to take advantage of all those new highways they've been building? If you answered no, see your Pontiac dealer and go Wide-Tracking at your earliest convenience. The great Wide-Track drive is on right now.

The Firebird 400, shown below, is only one of Pontiac's Magnificent Five. See the others at your Pontiac dealer's

Pontiac Motor Division



Wide-Track 1968 Pontiacs


You don't wind it up. You turn it on.
The Electric Timex. The first electric wrist watch for women. It never needs winding!
The Electric Timex runs on an energy cell for a whole year without winding. (Next year you simply get the energy cell replaced.)
And because Timex knows almost as much about girls as they know about watches, you'll love these watches for their looks alone.
The Electric Timex, from $50.
More people buy TIMEX®
than any other watch in the world.

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL NBA PHILADELPHIA won three games in a row to take a 4-1 lead in the best-of-seven games Eastern Division finals. The 76ers, with Wally Jones popping in 24 points, beat the Celtics 115-106 in Boston in the second game of the series. In Philadelphia a night later Hal Greer scored 31 points and Jones 20 as the 76ers took the third game 122-114. John Havlicek tossed in 29 points for the Celtics (he had 28 the night before), but the team lost all chance of winning when Bill Russell was benched by fouls in the final quarter. Back in Boston, the Celtics overcame a 14-point deficit in the second quarter, but Greer scored 28 points and Wilt Chamberlain, Luke Jackson and Chet Walker each pitched in with 22 and the 76ers muscled through to a 110-105 victory. In the Western finals, LOS ANGELES, on the high scoring of Jerry West and Elgin Baylor, took three straight games to sweep San Francisco 4-0. Baylor and West popped in 36 points apiece as the Lakers won the second game of the finals 115-112. Then West tossed in 40 and Baylor 27 for a 128-124 win, while in the final game West scored 29 and Baylor 28 to lead the Lakers to a 106-100 victory.

ABA. Going into the week with a 1-0 lead in the Western Division finals, champion NEW ORLEANS dropped the second game of the series to Dallas 112-109, then swept the last three games 110-107, 119-103 and 108-105 to win the finals four games to nine. In the Eastern finals, champion PITTSBURGH also split the first two games, then rolled over Minnesota in three straight to take the series 4-1. Connie Hawkins, the ABA scoring leader, threw in 32 points. Chico Vaughn tallied 28 and Charlie Williams added 23 in a 107-99 Pipers win in the third game; Hawkins scored 38 and Williams 34 as the Pipers won the fourth game 117-108; and Hawkins tossed in 24 more points in the 114-105 final-game victory.

GOLF—BOB GOALBY of Belleville, Ill. won the $100,000 Masters tournament in Augusta, Ga. with a 72-hole total of 277, finishing one stroke ahead of Argentina's Roberto de Vicenzo, who actually tied Goalby on the course but inadvertently signed an incorrect scorecard. *(page 14)*

LARRY MOWRY of Las Vegas parred the first hole of a sudden death playoff to beat Chris Blocker of Jal, N. Mex. by one stroke in the $20,000 Rebel Golf Open in Knoxville, Tenn. *(page 61)*

GYMNASTICS At the AAU Championships in Long Beach, Calif., MAKOTO SAKAMOTO of USC gained his fifth All-Around title in the last six years. Sakamoto also took first place in the parallel bars, the horizontal bars and the long horse. TOBY TOWSON of Michigan State won the floor exercise event, JOHN RUSSO of the University of Wisconsin the side horse, STEVE COHEN of Philadelphia the rings, DOUG BOGUE of Pasadena City College, tumbling, and DAVE JACOBS of Michigan, trampoline. In the women's events, LINDA METHENY of Southern Illinois University won the All-Around for the second time in three years, as well as the balance beam and free exercises. DORIS BRAUSE of Southern Connecticut took the uneven bars, JUDY WILES of SIU the trampoline and JOYCE TANAC of the Seattle YMCA the side horse vault.

HOCKEY—NHL. CHICAGO led New York three games to two in the first round of the Stanley Cup playoffs as the Rangers took the second game 2-1 and dropped the next three 7-4, 3-1 and 2-1 *(page 20)*. In the other East semifinal, champion MONTREAL completed a 4-0 sweep of Boston by winning the third game of the series 5-2 and taking the final game 3-2 on Claude Larose's two goals. In the West playoffs, ST. LOUIS led champion Philadelphia three games to two. The Blues won the third game of the playoffs 3-2 when Larry Keenan scored a goal at 4:10 of the second overtime period and took the fourth game 5-2 as Red Berenson slapped in two goals. The Flyers kept the series going, however, by walloping the Blues 6-1 on Rosaire Paiement's hat trick. Paiement had been recalled from the Flyers' Quebec farm team a few hours earlier. LOS ANGELES, which had taken the first two games of the other West Division playoff, dropped the next two to Minnesota 7-5 and 3-2 before winning the fifth game 3-2.

HORSE RACING—VERBATIM ($19), ridden by Johnny Rotz, won the $60,000 Gotham Stakes at Aqueduct by 2½ lengths over Wise Exchange *(page 66)*.

IN REALITY, ridden by substitute Jockey Chuck Baltazar, beat Barbs Delight by 3½ lengths and set a track record of 1:41⅗ in a 1⅛-mile allowance race at Bowie, taking one second off the mark set by Social Outcast 13 years ago.

SOCCER NASL. After two weeks of play 16 of the 17 teams in the North American Soccer League had finally played at least one game. The VANCOUVER ROYALS whacked the Toronto Falcons 3-1 and edged the Baltimore Bays 2-1, the SAN DIEGO TOROS shut out the Washington Whips 2-0 and the CLEVELAND STOKERS came from behind to beat the Chicago Mustangs 2-1. In other games the ATLANTA CHIEFS defeated the St. Louis Stars 3-1 before an opening-day Busch Memorial Stadium crowd of 11,021, and the TORONTO FALCONS, after losing to the Royals earlier in the week, were tied 1-1 by the Dallas Tornado.

SWIMMING CHARLIE HICKCOX of Indiana (SI, April 8) won three events in the AAU short-course championships at Greensville, N.C., taking the 200-yard individual medley, the 100-yard backstroke and the 200-yard backstroke to become the first swimmer ever to win three individual titles at both the AAU and NCAA indoor championships in the same year. INDIANA gained the team title with 114 points, followed by the Santa Clara Swim Club with 269. Other individual winners included Mark Spitz of the Santa Clara SC in the 100-yard butterfly, Mike Burton of UCLA in the 1,650-yard freestyle and Brian Job of Santa Clara in the 200-yard breaststroke.

WIN YOUNG of Indiana won the AAU three-meter diving championship at Greensville with 456.15 points, outscoring former teammate Rick Colbert by 2.25 points while Jim Henry, also of Indiana, took the one-meter title, defeating Ohio State's Chuck Knorr by 12 points.

TENNIS In his first tournament since turning professional two weeks earlier, ROY EMERSON of Australia defeated the world's No. 1 ranked pro, Rod Laver, 6-4, 6-1 in the semifinals of the $10,000 Challenge Cup in Hollywood, Fla. Then gained the title with a 6-1, 6-1 rout of Ken Rosewall, the world's second-ranked pro.

WRESTLING RUSS CAMILLERI of the San Francisco Olympic Club won the 191.5-pound division of the National AAU freestyle championships in Lincoln, Neb. with a 4-2 decision over Jim Peck-ham of Ames, Iowa in the finals. Camilleri, a 35-year-old insurance man and a title winner four times before, also took the outstanding-wrestler award in leading his team to the title. The New York Athletic Club came in second, three points behind, while the Mayor Daley Youth Club of Chicago, trying for a third straight title, finished third. Other individual winners were LARRY KRISTOFF of the Mayor Daley YC, heavyweight for the fourth consecutive year; ARTHUR CHAVEZ and MIKE GALLEGO of the Olympic Club in the 114.5 and 171.5 classes, defending champion HENK SCHENK of the U.S. Army, 213.5, defending champion BOB DOUGLAS of the Michigan WC, 154; RICHARD SOLMAN of the NYAC, 125.5; MASAMITSU ICHIGUCHI of New York City, 138.5.

MILEPOSTS HIRED. As basketball coach at the University of Rhode Island, THOMAS M. CARMODY, 38, formerly the Duke freshman coach.

HIRED. As coach and general manager of the Oakland Seals, BERT OLMSTEAD, 41, after his team finished its first season in the NHL with a 15-42-17 record for last place in the West.

RESIGNED. RENE HERRERIAS, 42, as basketball coach at the University of California after an eight-year record of 99-103. Herrerias had a fair 16-9 year in 1967-68, but the season was marred by claims that he had displayed prejudice toward some Negro members of the team.

RESIGNED. As basketball coach at the University of Minnesota, JOHN KUNDLA, 51, whose nine-year record with his alma mater was 110-106. Kundla will remain at the school as an assistant to the director of physical education.

DISBANDED. The PHILLIPS 66ERS basketball team, after 11 AAU titles and two Olympic playoff championships, because of "the growth of professional basketball to major national status." Members of the team at one point or another during its 48-year history included Hank Luisetti, who originated the one-hand shot, and basketball's first good 7-footer, Bob Kurland.

CREDITS

4—Barry Elvove. 14, 15—Harvey E. Iverson III. 15—Tony [illegible]. 16—Tony Triolo. 19—[illegible]. 20—Neil Leifer. 22-25—TURN OF THE CENTURY PRODUCTIONS, INC., produced by Bill Cayton, directed by Jim Gabel. 26, 27—UPI. 28—Richard Raphael. 40—Courtesy Silk and Satin. 42—AP. 50—United Artists Corp. 54—National Parade. 55—Sheedy & Long. 61—Invision Atlanta. 63—Brian Seed. 69—Richard Meek. 70—Gordon Tenney, LIFE. 83—Sun Photo, University of Maine, Frank Johns, Gulf American News Bureau. 84—AP.

FACES IN THE CROWD



KAREN THOMAS, 4, of Aberavon, South Wales, became the youngest holder of a bronze medal for survival swimming in England when, among other tests, she swam 50 yards wearing pajamas, then undressed in the water and swam 440 yards.



DENNIS BURGESS, a senior on Maine's rifle team, was honored at the New England championships for having the highest conference record this season—a 273.4 average in eight dual meets. He also led his team to its third straight conference title.



FRANCES BUSH, 17, of Staten Island, N.Y., won national titles in the high jump on successive evenings in the AAU Women's Junior Indoor championships at the University of Chicago, leaping 5' 3½" for the Junior Girls' (14-17) title and 5' 5" for the Women's.



SKIP HOUK, a 26-year-old distance runner from Reno, Nev., set a U.S. record by running 50 miles in 5:38:15.6. He broke a course record earlier in the year in winning the AAU Pacific Association marathon at Point Reyes, Calif. with a 2:25:26 clocking.



DANNY HUBBELL, a senior on the Southeastern State (Okla.) College baseball team and a nephew of ex-Giant great, Carl Hubbell, pitched a two-hit shutout against Plano (Texas) University, which is coached by former Cardinal Paul Dean, brother of Dizzy.



HUBERT GREEN of Florida State, the amateur golf champion of Alabama, won the individual trophy in the Cape Coral intercollegiate matches with a 294, finishing eight strokes ahead of the University of Florida's state amateur champion, John Darr Jr.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

When Twin slugger Harmon Killebrew was called as a witness in a trial last week the cross-examiner's only question was how MINNESOTA (3-0) would do this year. Replied Killebrew, "We'll be good," and forthwith acted like a man who was terrified of a perjury rap as he hit .400 with two homers. Twin Pitchers Dean Chanee, Jim Merrill and Jim Perry responded to Killebrew's example with complete game victories—each a five-hitter or better. BALTIMORE (2-0) was making Timid Thomases out of those doubters who said the Orioles could not rebound from last year's sixth-place finish. The pitchers allowed just one run in two games, and Brooks Robinson hit a homer on Opening Day for the third straight year. BOSTON's (2-1) Carl Yastrzemski is working on a string, too. In an attempt to win his second consecutive home-run title Yaz jumped right into the lead with three in the Sox's two wins. Although Earl Wilson lost his first game in six decisions against his old Boston teammates, DETROIT (2-1) was right up near the top, where it was picked to be, winning twice on Gates Brown's pinch homer and relief pitching by two rookies, Jon Warden and Daryl Patterson. NEW YORK (1-1) needed only one run to win behind Mel Stottlemyre's Opening-Day shutout, and it was good that was all it took, since the Yanks managed just seven hits and that one run for the week. OAKLAND's (1-1) new heroes, Reggie Jackson and Sal Bando, both hit homers, but last year's Athletic star, Outfielder Rick Monday, was so deep in a slump that he was pulled for a pinch hitter with the bases loaded. CALIFORNIA (1-2) was shut out twice but, worse than that, slugger Don Mincher was struck by a pitch by Indian fastballer Sam McDowell and will miss about a week. CLEVELAND's (1-2) Sonny Siebert pitched the best game so far, a two-hit shutout, but eight other Indian pitchers could not stop the Red Sox and Angels in the next two games. CHICAGO (0-2) was the only preseason favorite not near the top. Surprisingly, it was pitching that let the Sox down as aces Joel Horlen and Gary Peters allowed 10 runs in 9⅔ innings. With the best spring record this year WASHINGTON (0-3) was talking about making the first division, but in regular-season play the hitters failed in one game (just four singles), the fielders in another (allowing four unearned runs), and then the pitchers in a third (six of them gave up nine runs). The Senators promptly fell to 10th.

Standings: Minn 3-0, Balt 2-0, Bos 2-1, Det 2-1, NY 1-1, Oak 1-1, Cal 1-2, Clev 1-2, Chi 0-2, Wash 0-3

NATIONAL LEAGUE

After the defending champion Cardinals won their second game ST. LOUIS' (3-0) MVP, First Baseman Orlando Cepeda, climbed on top of a locker and cheered, "One hundred more to go, 100 more to go!" The Cards have set a target of 102 victories this year (they won 101 in '67), and if they keep hitting anywhere close to last week's .360 team batting average they will have to revise their goal upward. Cepeda himself was a big contributor to the opening surge (.462 with six RBIs), but the real crusher was Centerfielder Curt Flood, who hit .643. With a start like that the Cards should have been looking back at the rest of the league, but HOUSTON (4-0), which had the worst pitching in the majors last year, took advantage of complete games by Larry Dierker, Don Wilson and Dave Giusti to put together its best opening ever and take the league lead. PITTSBURGH (2-1) was one Astro victim, but the Pirates rebounded to win twice over the Giants, once on Maury Wills's two-run, 15th-inning single and then on former Reliever Al McBean's three-hitter. Similarly stingy pitching by Pat Jarvis failed the muscular Braves in their opener, however, so ATLANTA (2-2) turned to light-hitters Sonny Jackson, Bob Tillman and Pitcher Phil Niekro, all of whom hit homers in the team's first victory. NEW YORK (1-2), which has never won on Opening Day, failed again this year when the Mets blew a two-run, ninth-inning lead against the Giants. That win was SAN FRANCISCO's (1-2) only one of the week as the team wasted good pitching by Mike McCormick—who allowed one run in 13 innings—and Gaylord Perry by scoring just two runs in 24 innings. LOS ANGELES (1-2) found scoring even harder, going the first 19 innings of the season before it got a run. But that was a big one for Don Drysdale, who pitched a 1-0 shutout to become the leading Dodger winner of all time (191 victories) and to break Sandy Koufax's team shutout record of 40. CHICAGO (1-2) hit well —.281 with six homers—but Cub pitchers allowed 20 runs, with only Ferguson Jenkins, who struck out 12 Reds, able to win. Just Milt Pappas among CINCINNATI's (1-3) 1967 starting four was not complaining of a sore arm, and that showed in the box scores when Manager Dave Bristol tried 11 different pitchers in the three losses. Eleven was also an unlucky number for PHILADELPHIA (1-3). That many pitchers appeared in three straight defeats by the Astros after a revived Chris Short shut out the Dodgers on four hits in the opener.

Standings: Hou 4-0, StL 3-0, Pitt 2-1, Atl 2-2, NY 1-2, Chi 1-2, LA 1-2, SF 1-2, Cin 1-3, Phil 1-3

HIGHLIGHT

It was a strange turnabout from baseball's earlier pattern of contributions toward racial equality. A team from Philadelphia had to convince the Dodgers to postpone their opener out of respect for the murdered Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and thus make the decision unanimous among major league owners. When all the clubs finally did open up on Wednesday last week the absence of some players and thousands of fans from ball parks plainly marked the beginning of an unsettling season ahead. In the violent aftermath of Dr. King's death player-soldiers, who had been worried about Vietnam, were suddenly tapped for local guard duty. One was Baltimore's shortstop, Mark Belanger, who is considered so good that the Orioles traded Luis Aparicio. Now Manager Hank Bauer has neither. Others were missing from the Baltimore, Detroit and Washington rosters, including Senator Infielder Ed Brinkman (*right*), who ended up patrolling in D.C. Stadium, where he had been scheduled to start at shortstop. At the same park, 10,000 ticketholders failed to show up for the opener and only 7,700 made it to Chicago's Comiskey Park the same day. Fans' fear of traveling out to the park is one factor giving the season a look of instability greater than any since World War II, when a manager never knew what uniform his catcher would be in at the All-Star break and a 15-year-old pitched for Cincinnati. But the threat of new call-ups is more worrisome. Some teams already are aware that 40% of their players must perform military duties this summer. Further demands could alter rosters with each reveille and make shambles of the pennant races. Remember the St. Louis Browns of 1944?



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

OFFENSE AND DEFENSE

Sirs:

I feel that you have dealt too harshly with the Boston Bruins in your editorial "Indefensible I" (SCORECARD, April 1). I suspect that by his remark, "I don't think calling Zeidel a Jew s o b is discrimination," Coach Sinden meant simply that such an epithet is no more serious than calling a player of English descent a limey s o b, a player of Italian ancestry a wop s.o b., and so forth, and that this type of razzing probably goes on in almost every NHL game and without comment. There is a strong possibility, moreover, that Zeidel cried "discrimination" to Mr. Campbell mainly to justify his participation in a stick fight with Eddie Shack who, Mr. Zeidel admits, was not among the "discriminators." Furthermore, I find it hard to believe that the Bruins are the only hockey team guilty of this type of razzing. If such ethnically rooted razzing is to be prohibited I hope that *all* teams will be *punished in proportion to their guilt* and that baiting of *all* ethnic groups will be considered equally reprehensible.

ROBERT VENUTI

Somerville, Mass.

Sirs:

As a member of the Jewish faith, I am naturally disturbed by any form of antisemitism. However, as a Boston Bruins fan, I must take issue with the conclusions drawn concerning the Larry Zeidel incident. Your quote from Harry Sinden may be pretty convincing to many readers, but there are facts in the case that you have ignored: 1) every member of the Bruins denied the charges vehemently, 2) of the three players specifically charged by Zeidel two were not even on the bench at the time the fight broke out and 3) Larry Zeidel has been known for many years as a battler on the ice as has his opponent in the fight.

HARVEY S. CARAS

Malden, Mass.

Sirs:

I have never heard, nor wish to hear, such an indecent remark from a man of Sinden's stature.

LARRY GORDON

Wyncote, Pa.

DUKES UP

Sirs:

Two years ago you took a slash at Duke University's "snakepit" treatment of visiting basketball teams (SCORECARD, Dec. 20, 1965). It led to a much fairer treatment of our visiting teams. Now I am convinced that your article *The Timid Generation* (March 11) has had a similar effect. Fully one quarter of the campus has taken part in a day-and-night vigil in the center of the campus, and a large majority of both faculty and students are boycotting classes and dining facilities. Our requests are reasonable, the demonstrations orderly and the goals worthwhile, but let no one call us timid again.

BILL WALLACE

Durham, N.C.

WITHIN THE GATES

Sirs:

I seldom feel compelled to write letters to editors in answer to articles that are properly within their domain and beyond my usual concern. Nevertheless, I think that certain parts of Dan Jenkins' article on the Roch Cup races in Aspen, in which I had some responsibility (*It's America—at Last*, March 25), warrant some comment from me. With respect to his critical observations on the slalom course that I set, I concede that there may be a considerable discrepancy between Mr. Jenkins' idea of a proper class-A course and mine. However, if you will recall, in January of this year at the Lauberhorn Race in Wengen, Switzerland (one of the biggest in the world) 44 racers out of 80 fell or were disqualified. Could that have been the result of "crazy combinations" of "almost illegal gates" or of a "mystery course," a course "without rhythm"? I was not in Wengen to set the course, but in any event I feel that the world's best competitors should be able to handle any type of slalom. What is more, every course is examined before a race. Had "almost illegal" gates been a part of my course in Aspen, certainly I would have been informed or the gates would have been changed. Any proper slalom course has rhythm, as did mine, and the task of a great skier must be to find and maintain that rhythm when other skiers cannot. Obviously Bill Kidd and Jean-Claude Killy, in his first run, found that rhythm.

It is true that my course had 74 gates. The maximum number of gates is 75. As we all know, the slalom in Grenoble was no real test for the world's great slalom experts, because it was much too short—49 seconds long. In contrast, Toni Sailer's time in Cortina in his first run of the 1956 Olympic slalom was 87.3. If some of the racers had difficulty with my course it was not necessarily the fault of the course or the racers. It could well be that, regrettably, there has been a tendency to set a too-easy course for the outstanding abilities of the top racers today.

Last and probably the least of Mr. Jenkins' inaccuracies was his report of my own time on the course. Since I was merely a forerunner, my time was completely irrelevant. However, Jenkins makes a point of supporting his rather emotional description of me by citing my time—"for what it's worth"—as five seconds behind that of Killy. In reality I was clocked at five-tenths of a second behind him. If Mr. Jenkins felt compelled to report my time, I would have appreciated his doing so accurately.

ANDERL MOLTERER

Aspen, Colo.

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins' attack on Anderl Molterer was uncalled for. Mr. Molterer is hardly the type to "dance around" at any finish. He is a true sportsman and a man of tremendous dignity. It is regrettable that such a story should have reached the medium of the printed word.

CLARK PEYTON

West Nyack, N.Y.

MYSTERY HORSE

Sirs:

I'm writing to congratulate Robert Cantwell on his fine article, *Mystery Makes a Winner* (March 25). As a horsewoman myself, I have long enjoyed Dick Francis' books about racing, and it was exciting to read Cantwell's descriptions of Francis' racing career. The episode dealing with Devon Loch was truly interesting. However, several questions are raised. Did Devon Loch race after that Grand National in 1956? How did he fare and what has become of him?

WINNIE LOU DAVIS

Jericho, Vt.

● Devon Loch did race again, and very well—with two firsts and two seconds in four outings—until, 10 months after the Grand National, he ran in the Midmay Memorial Handicap at Sandown. Devon Loch was second, cantering in the stretch, when he stopped and began to rock, stiff-legged, back and forth. He finished fourth, but he had broken down. Although a course of electrotherapy left the 12-year-old mystery horse sound once more, he was not raced and was soon retired to Sandringham. In 1962 he fell lame and was destroyed.—ED.

ROOF RAISING

Sirs:

As an ardent fan of both the Philadelphia 76ers and the Flyers, I would like to thank

you for shedding some light on the Spectrum mess (*A Heavy Blow in a Windy City*, April 1) and letting the rest of the nation become more aware of what transpired during the forgettable month of March. Even though the 76ers and the Flyers managed to stay in the NBA and NHL races, this whole situation could not have arisen at a more undesirable time for them.

Perhaps the best quote to come out of this thing was made by a Philadelphia sportswriter. "There are a lot of sports fans in Philadelphia, many of whom will vote in the next election, and they have fantastic memories."

JACK REED

Doylestown, Pa.

Sirs:

The reason the Spectrum was closed when the roof blew off is that Philadelphia has a ban on topless performances.

JOHN J. LYONS

Chicago

TIME FOR CHANGE

Sirs:

Your SCORECARD item "In a Fix" (March 4) and the subsequent comments by ECAC Commissioner Asa Bushnell and YMCA Assistant Director John Marsh of Binghamton, N.Y. (19TH HOLE, March 18) should arouse basketball coaches throughout the country to urge their athletic directors to take action against the legislation forbidding summer and outside basketball competition. All coaches are aware that summer basketball competition involving college athletes is taking place in camps of various sorts throughout the country. I believe one has to be naive to overlook this fact. The rule has been found to be totally unenforceable unless one college athlete or coach blows the whistle on another. How many individuals, like Charles Fix, have been penalized in the past while others have been allowed to participate?

I also question the right of an athletic conference to dictate to any student what type of activity he is or is not allowed to participate in during a period (summer) when the conference has no jurisdiction over him. As long as he remains an amateur, what question should there be?

It is certainly up to the directors of college athletics to take a critical look at this situation. Basketball coaches have lived with this "monster" for the past 15 years, and since the colleges are at fault for creating the rule, they are the only ones who can repeal it. Let us do something about this ridiculous rule at the next NCAA convention.

JOHN V. GLINSKI
Varsity Basketball Coach
State University College
Oswego, N.Y.

continued



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FUNDAMENTAL SPORT

Sirs:

I read with interest the account by Martin Kane of the decline of college boxing (*College Boxing's Last Round,* March 11). I suppose the reasons given by Athletic Directors Ivy Williamson of Wisconsin and William W. Cobey of Maryland for the decline of the sport are well taken. They do not, however, apply at Nevada.

I have had the privilege for the past five or six years of working out in the University of Nevada gymnasium where the boxers train. I have watched them closely, and the methods of Coach Jim Olivas, his patience, his insistence on their learning and mastering the fundamentals before they go on to more complicated procedures, have been eye-openers to me. When, finally, these fundamentals are integrated into a complete performance, the result is astonishing.

I have seen green, gauche but game boys turned, after a season or two, into polished fighters, boys with a lack of confidence in themselves turned into self-confident boxers, with a consequent improvement in their morale that extended far beyond and above the boxing that gave it. These boys are not street fighters, understand. They are not initiated into the tricks of alley fighting. But they could give a good account of themselves in any encounter with hooliganism, because they have been taught the fundamentals of the art of self-defense. Two of our boxers, both fast boys, had no supervision in boxing before they came to the university and into Jimmie Olivas' competent hands. Of the others who distinguished themselves on the Nevada team, none worked out with Golden Glove intentions or an ambition to make boxing a career. The point I am trying to make is that these are average young boys (if anybody is average) who were benefited by the training Nevada and our small California Collegiate Boxing Conference afforded them in a sport that I feel amateurism should cling to no matter how much smoke-filled rooms, crooked betting and sharp practices have impaired it professionally.

I called them average boys. Perhaps normal is a better word. They were good boys in the collegiate boxing ring. They were good boys in my classes. They would be good boys in any endeavor in which they set their minds and wills and muscles to win. They are our best American stuff.

I wish that every boy who has the requisites could have a coach like Jimmie Olivas to train him and a conference like ours (Nevada-California-Chico-Stanford) in which to practice and perform.

PAUL R. ELDRIDGE
Professor of English
University of Nevada
Reno

A Fitting Fight for St. Pat

Hockey's worst riot occurred on St. Patrick's Day 1955, but it had nothing to do with any Irishman

by STAN FISCHLER

The fact that the president of the National Hockey League is still alive in this year of coast-to-coast expansion is a tribute to an unknown fan who tossed a tear-gas bomb at the Montreal Forum on the night of St. Patrick's Day 1955. On that night Clarence Campbell, who is now completing his 22nd year as NHL president, came within half a minute of becoming the first hockey executive ever to be beaten to death by a crazed mob of hockey fans.

The scholarly Campbell was one of two protagonists in the melodrama that historians have since labeled *"L'affaire Richard."* The other was the great Montreal star, Maurice (Rocket) Richard. As choleric, artistic and Gallic as Campbell was stoic, stiff and Scots, Richard symbolized the oppressed French-Canadian spirit north of the border, and throughout his career he had been in trouble with NHL officialdom.

The Rocket was the supreme idol of every Quebecois who ever watched a hockey game, but somehow, despite his enormous accomplishments as a goalmaker, he had never managed to win a scoring championship. In 1955, with only a week remaining before the end of the regular schedule, he was leading the league in scoring, two points ahead of his teammate, Bernie (Boom Boom) Geoffrion. The Montreal Canadiens themselves were in first place, two points ahead of the Detroit Red Wings, and Montrealers were preparing for a grand celebration.

The brooding Rocket was primed for an explosion on the night of March 13, as he prepared for a game with the Bruins at Boston Garden. His frustration increased during the game as Boston built up a 4-2 lead. The hands on the overhead clock moved on to within six minutes of the game's end, but the Canadiens still had a chance.

As Richard swooped over the Boston blue line for a play on the goal, he felt Bruin Defenseman Hal Laycoe's stick graze the left side of his head. Referee Frank Udvari immediately signaled a penalty and whistled Laycoe off the ice. Before Laycoe could enter the penalty box Richard rubbed his head and saw a smear of blood on his hand. He rushed Laycoe and belabored him about the face and shoulders with his stick. Laycoe survived the blows, dropped his gloves and stick and beckoned Richard to fight him barehanded.

At that point the fight likely would have simmered down but for the intervention of Linesman Cliff Thompson. A former Bruin defenseman, Thompson attempted to cool it entirely by grabbing Richard's stick away from him. Instead he precipitated an even worse outburst. Orbiting into another tantrum, the Rocket picked up a loose stick lying on the ice and hacked away at Laycoe until the stick splintered.

Referee Udvari tossed Richard out of the game, and although an automatic $100 fine was levied against him, everyone in the hockey world knew that an additional, much stiffer, penalty would follow. The question was: Would Campbell punish Richard with a heavy fine or would he finally take an extreme position and suspend him during the final week of the season?

Campbell ordered a special hearing in his Montreal office on March 16. It lasted 3½ hours. Campbell heard accounts from Boston Coach Lynn Patrick, Referee-in-chief Carl Voss, Linesman Sammy Babcock, Udvari, Thompson, Richard and Laycoe. The Montreal defense rested on a claim that Richard had been too stunned by the head blow to comprehend what he was doing.

A lawyer, Rhodes scholar and former referee, Campbell mulled over his notes for more than an hour and then began writing his decision. "I had a hard time making up my mind," he said, but by 4 o'clock he had summoned reporters and announced his sentence: "Richard is suspended from playing in the remaining league *and* playoff games."

Within minutes of the announcement Montreal's hockey fans—which is just another way of saying Montreal's citizens—were reacting in anger, bitterness and disbelief. One man phoned the NHL office and told the president's secretary, Miss Phyllis King, that he was an undertaker. "Tell Campbell," he said, "that he'll be needing me in a few days."

By the afternoon of March 17 a growing battalion was pacing the sidewalks around the ancient Montreal Forum, where the Canadiens were scheduled to play the Detroit Red Wings that night. VIVE RICHARD and A BAS CAMPBELL proclaimed the signs.

Suspense was heightened by uncertainty over Campbell's personal plans. Nobody really expected the president to attend the game, but then again he had never declared that he wouldn't show up. "If he does turn up," warned a police inspector at the No. 10 station near the Forum, "there'll be trouble."

Late in the afternoon Campbell declared that he had no intention of missing the game. The tall, graying president explained his position quietly and with apparent logic. "I'm a season ticketholder," he said, "and a regular attendant, and I have a right to go. I feel that the police can protect me. I haven't consulted them, and they haven't advised me not to attend."

Mayor Jean Drapeau later challenged Campbell's version. The mayor insisted that a police official suggested that Campbell remain home, but when Campbell insisted upon going to the game the officer urged him to drive his car to a garage two blocks east of the Forum. Unlike Campbell, Maurice Richard was hesitant about making an appearance, but when his wife said she wanted to see the game the Rocket felt obliged to go along with her.

The opening face-off was scheduled for 8:30 p.m., and by that time more than 600 militant demonstrators had gathered on St. Catherine Street West, in front of the Forum, and on Atwater and Closse Streets, which bound the side entrances. Unobtrusively, the Rocket pushed his way through the crowd and camped in a seat near the goal judge's chair at the end of the rink. Campbell, who had dined at the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association with his secretary and her sister, was delayed by the meal and arrived at the garage later than he had anticipated.

Just what happened in the following critical moments is uncertain. Officials

continued

of the Forum insist that they had instructed Campbell's party to wait until the police arrived to escort them to the rink. But it was Campbell's impression that the officials meant the trio to proceed and enter by the back door. In any case, the police in front of the Forum had their hands full containing the crowd that was growing increasingly more belligerent.

Campbell found a policeman and asked to be escorted to his seat. The constable summoned a police inspector, who escorted the Campbell party to the referee's room, where Campbell hung his coat. He then walked to his box at the south end of the rink with the two women, and they took their seats.

The fans already were unhappy about the game itself. Detroit had taken a 2–1 lead before Campbell arrived, and the Canadiens appeared disorganized without the Rocket. As soon as Campbell took his seat a thunderous roar cascaded off the roof of the Forum: "*Va-t'en, Va-t'en!*" The more the fans chanted the worse the Canadiens performed. By the end of the first period the local heroes were behind 4–1 and it was obvious that Campbell was in trouble.

As the intermission approached a torrent of debris poured down upon the NHL president and his guests. Miss King's white hat was knocked off her head by a tossed overshoe. Assorted fruit splattered Campbell's dark-green fedora. Since most of the missiles were flying wide of their target, an obliging fan rose six seats behind Campbell to serve as a spotter and direct the fire of those above him.

When a soda-pop bottle struck a woman nearby, several fans implored Campbell to leave, but the implacable president remained seated and even managed to force a smile. "I tried to avoid doing anything that would provoke the crowd," he said later. But his slightest movement was enough to spur an attack. A youngster swooped down from the aisle above and pretended to shake hands with Campbell. As the president reached forward, the youth hurled several punches in Campbell's face. The police chased the boy and grabbed him.

At long last the siren wailed, heralding the end of the first period. Normally, Campbell would have returned to the referee's room, but his time he remained seated, on the premise that it would be less provocative to the crowd. It was a mistaken premise. Soon dozens of fans from the bleachers were charging toward Campbell's unprotected seat, while the president remained exposed and unguarded by either constables or ushers. Normally a police guard would have surrounded him, but the demonstration at the barricades outside the Forum had become so threatening that all available cops had rushed down to guard the doors.

At 9:11 p.m. Campbell's party was completely encircled by a mob that observers contend was bent on killing the president. "The ill feeling," reported *Maclean's Magazine*, "was growing more intense by the second and there was nobody to help him. Looking around at the sea of hate-filled faces, Miss King had the feeling that they were closing in for the kill."

Suddenly an explosion shook the vast arena, and thick fumes curled their way roofward from an aisle at the lip of the ice surface. A tear-gas bomb had landed 25 feet from Campbell, sending a surge of panic among the spectators. The cry of "fire" was heard in every section of the Forum as onlookers began choking and rubbing their eyes and throats.

That a full-scale disaster didn't develop can be attributed to the police and firemen, who somehow managed to open up all exits and move the panicked crowd into the streets. Campbell seized Miss King by the arm. "Let's get out of here," he said, and they threaded their way to the first-aid room, where Campbell learned that Fire Commissioner Armand Pare had refused to permit the game to continue.

As the frightened spectators poured from the Forum to the fresh air outside, they were greeted by a mob of about 600, mainly composed of young adults and teen-agers. Some of the mob rushed at the emerging fans, removing their rubbers to throw them at the police. Others hurled chunks of ice at the Forum windows, and still others found bricks and concrete chips to throw at the Forum wall. "It seemed," said Montreal General Manager Frank Selke, "as if an angry sky had suddenly fallen on the city."

Police estimated that the crowd had swollen to at least 10,000 by 11 p.m., when they called for reinforcements. Like soldiers in a besieged fortress, Forum employees sought cover where they could find it. Wrestling impresario Eddie Quinn thought he was safe in his office on the east side of the building until a rock crashed through his window.

Throughout it all, Clarence Campbell the stoic Scot, maintained his poise as he waited in the first-aid room. "I was never seriously afraid of being lynched," he insisted. "As a referee I learned something about mobs. They're cowards."

By 11:30 p.m. the noise had abated. A police inspector led Campbell and Miss King to a car in the back of the Forum and drove them home. Unaware that Campbell had escaped the mob continued to chant for his skin at the front of the building until they realized that he might have eluded them. The sudden realization infuriated the rioters even more, and hundreds embarked on fresh destruction. By early morning, when the rioters finally had dispersed, the total loss was estimated at $100,000.

When Campbell awakened the morning of March 18 he heard rumors on the radio that he had resigned. He promptly reported to his office at 8:30 a.m. to deny them. He also denounced Mayor Jean Drapeau, who said the riots occurred because of "provocation caused by Campbell's presence." The president replied, "Does he think I should have yielded to the intimidation of a bunch of hoodlums?"

In the afternoon Richard drove down to the Forum, where he delivered a public address in French to the press, radio and television pleading for law and order. "So that no further harm will be done," he said, "I would like to ask everyone to get behind the team and help the boys win from the Rangers and Detroit."

It was too late. Although they eventually defeated the Rangers on March 19, the Canadiens lost the final game to Detroit on the 20th and finished in second place. Worse still, Richard's young teammate, Boom Boom Geoffrion, won the league scoring championship with the Rocket playing second fiddle again. Without Richard to lead them, the Canadiens were eliminated by the Red Wings in the Stanley Cup finals.

But *L'affaire Richard* had two positive results. Proceeds from the forfeited game were donated to Paul Meger, a former Montreal forward who had been suffering from a serious head injury. And Clarence Campbell married Phyllis King. END

From The Bottom Up:

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